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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2179.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, U.S.V.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

In the next number of the WEEKLY *will begin a charming story by* MR. HENRY JAMES, *called*

"THE AWKWARD AGE."

It is a story of strikingly interesting and peculiar characteristics of London society.

THERE is some hope that the gold Democrats will nominate a ticket in New York. The gold Democrats, we think, owe it to their principles to support Colonel ROOSEVELT if he be nominated. If he be not nominated, they will be derelict to their duty if they do not nominate a third ticket.

THE Treasury Department is accumulating a great deal of money. On March 5, 1897, the total cash balance was $212,725,207. On September 13, 1898, the cash balance amounted to $316,316,983. This is not a healthful showing. On the contrary, it means the withdrawal of large sums of money from circulation, and a consequent increase in the rates of discount. We have not yet reached a point where money difficulties are acute, probably because the West has been so greatly enriched by the abundant crops of two years; but while there is no currency famine as yet, it may come; and, at any rate, we have in this enormous accumulation of money in the Treasury, and in its withdrawal from circulation, a reminder that the money question is still with us, and that we have not yet established that elastic currency that good bankers and sound financiers know to be absolutely essential to a safe and stable monetary system.

WE do not sympathize with the prevailing criticism of President MCKINLEY'S effort to investigate army abuses. It is true that the commissioners will be hampered by want of public money, and by lack of power to compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses. It is not quite true that the President's limitation of their powers to an investigation of the quartermaster, commissary, and medical departments prevents the doing of justice. In the first place, these departments are what the President and the Secretary of War and Congress have made them. The commissioners can find out all that is essential to a just decision by the examination of officers who may be ordered to appear before them, and by careful study of the reports of the War Department, and of the statutes of the United States. In examining the history of this war, the commissioners cannot fail to discover where the Secretary of War has been at fault. If they proceed intelligently with their task they must discover also the responsibility of Congress, and the harsh and killing effect upon army administration of Congressional legislation. The commissioners have sufficient power under the President's invitation to gain all the knowledge that is essential to the purposes of a proper inquiry.

IT is evident that Mother Earth has still El Dorados that are neither buried under Klondyke snows nor bask in Afric's golden sands, where the too primitive Boer asserts his supremacy. A lump of gold weighing a hundred and fifteen pounds, and valued at $32,000, has just been picked up almost on the surface of the sandy soil near Lake Wynn, in the southern district of Western Australia, by a Roman Catholic priest, acting as agent for a bedridden parishioner, who had been informed of its location in a vision. The story is a romantic if not necessarily a miraculous one; but to the mining public of Australia its most interesting feature evidently consisted in the probability that other nuggets, which the vision had neglected to specify, would be found in the same locality. The story of the frantic rush of some six thousand miners to the spot, the moment the priest could be induced to say where he had picked up his sacred nugget, recalls to mind the earliest and most exciting days of Californian and Australian gold-finding. To the world at large the interest of the discovery, though less engrossing, is by no means trifling. Where nuggets of a hundred and fifteen pounds are to be picked up there are sure to be others, and where one such prize is found the others will certainly be sought for. In this way it may well be that we may see a return in Western Australia of the gold fever and the gold production which made Victoria a wonder of the world between 1852 and 1860. One more application of the gold-cure to unfortunates afflicted with the silver craze.

MR. HAY is coming home from his mission to England with much deserved glory. He seems to have achieved the friendship of the English, and to be regarded as a promoter of an Anglo-American alliance. At least, his admirers on the other side speak of him as having greatly advanced international friendship. In view of this we are moved to suggest a kindly recognition of the admirable work which was done by his predecessor, Mr. BAYARD, in this same direction. Mr. BAYARD was once the object of much vituperation on account of his friendliness towards Great Britain, but now that Mr. HAY is coming home covered with glory because he has been a friend of Great Britain it is only fair to call attention to the much greater deeds in behalf of international friendship that were performed by Mr. BAYARD. With much courage and with great persistency, he stood up as a believer in the creed that blood is thicker than water. Never neglecting his duty nor overlooking his loyalty to his own country, he did more than all the other American ministers to Great Britain combined to promote and to strengthen the friendship between his own country and England. He was one of the most conspicuous figures in London society, and he was not only the welcome but the honored guest at most public festivities of the British capital. His own high character, his commanding abilities, his varied accomplishments, and his genial nature made him a favorite with the people at whose court he was the American representative, so that without taking anything from the credit due to Mr. HAY we may recall what is the larger credit due to Mr. BAYARD.

IF there is any other question than that of self-interest involved in the proposition to take on the Philippines and their savages, it is that of our duty to the democratic form of government in general. What have been the peculiar virtues of democracy; or rather, what has the world regarded as the peculiar virtues of our form of government? Our first great virtue is that we have established government of the people, by the people, and for the people. If there is any subject upon which heretofore all Americans have been agreed, it is that government existed for the people, and should be established by them. We have held, too, that it does not matter whether or not a race is prepared for effective and admirable government, for we have professed to believe that the practice of self-government ennobles a people, and makes them strong to bear their responsibilities. Therefore we gave the suffrage to the negro immediately upon his emergence from a state of slavery, and therefore we have watched with interest and confidence the experiment of democracy that is being made in France. If we take these distant islands by conquest, and if we undertake to rule them absolutely, as we must, we are certainly discrediting our past professions of democracy, and therefore discrediting democracy itself in the eyes of the world. In other words, we are retarding the growth of democracy, just at the present moment becoming so interesting as to invite especially vigorous attacks from its enemies. Other virtues of democracy have been that it is peace-loving, that it is against conquest, that it is bitterly hostile to the idea of taking the land of other people without their consent. All this would be doubted, and we would be regarded as hypocrites, if we were to carry out the designs of the Philippine annexationists.

IT is announced that the cabinet is unanimously in favor of holding Manila and Manila Bay, that a majority favor retaining control of Luzon, and that some of the members strongly advocate the retention of the whole Philippine archipelago. This is a very serious matter, and one which ought to attract the attention and excite the interest of every patriotic American. If we hold Manila and Manila Bay without the rest of the island of Luzon, we shall undoubtedly have a war on our hands with AGUINALDO and his insurgents. It is equally true that if we undertake to hold the whole of the island we shall have this war. AGUINALDO is just now posing as the friend of the Americans, and the insurgents, under the lead of General PIO PILAR, appear to be rebelling against him. The insurgents insist that the islands are theirs, and there is no ground on our part for joining issue with them on this question, unless we are prepared to hold that they are unfit to govern the islands, and that we have made ourselves responsible for good government there. Indeed, this last is the assumption of those who insist upon our retention of all the islands. They say that Spain is not capable of giving these people a good government, and that the people themselves are not capable of self-government. They add that the United States, having taken possession of Manila and Manila Bay, is morally bound, in the interests of civilization, to see that a better government is established in the place of the one thrown down. This is a fundamental error of the annexationists. The United States is not under any such obligation, at least unless the task of governing the Philippines can be carried on without detriment to our own civilization. If the effect of undertaking the government of the Philippines will be to bring ill to the United States itself, either moral or political, the United States is not bound to injure itself in the interest of the savages of the Philippines. This talk about our destiny and about our moral obligations to civilization and to the world was originated for the purpose of blinding the people to the real question. That question is simply as to our own interests and our own welfare.

THE PRESENT APATHY IN POLITICS.

THE elections in Vermont and Maine indicate an apathy on the part of the voters which is not extraordinary. The war and its incidents have absorbed the political energies of the people, and we imagine that it will be some time before their interest will be fully reawakened. The light votes in the two States which have already held elections would under ordinary circumstances augur ill for the Republican party in the contests on their success in which depends their majority in the House of Representatives, but there are some reasons why Republican losses in Vermont and Maine may not be so significant this year as they have been in the past. The most important of these reasons is that questions of domestic politics are not interesting this year, and are not being discussed, so that a reduced vote is really apparent in each party's poll. For the moment Bryanism seems dead, although the evils in our currency and tariff systems which produced Bryanism continue to exist, while a tightening money market threatens to bring about a state of affairs which in an ordinary year would add great strength to the vociferousness of the shouters for cheaper money. The Republican party has abandoned both silver and prevarication, and is out and out for the gold standard. So much good at least has been accomplished. At last the country has a party which not only means gold, but says what it means. Compared with this firm front of the Republicans, the Democrats are weak and hesitating. Most of their State conventions have endorsed Bryanism, both as to its candidate and as to its Chicago platform. But the endorsement of the silver free-coinage plank is not hearty. There is no ring in it. Silver is not even mentioned much. Certainly we hear no "demonstrations" of the wonderful qualities of this panacea for financial ills. The tariff question is not in evidence. The failure of the DINGLEY law as a revenue measure is momentous to the protectionists, for the war has made more revenue absolutely and immediately necessary.

The failure of the tariff law to produce sufficient revenue, even for the needs of the country at peace, has compelled not only an addition to the public debt, but a return to the old internal-revenue taxes, against which protectionists have naturally protested. Of course such taxes were inevitable as a war measure, but there is no intelligent person who comprehends the demands upon the government who does not know that the war taxes, with all their burdens, must continue to form an essential feature of our revenue laws. The socialistic issues which were features of the BRYAN platform were really never discussed with seriousness. It is true that votes were influenced by them in the Presidential campaign here and there, both in the cities and in the agricultural parts of the country, where there had been much distress, due to a succession of poor crops; but since then abundant crops have brought prosperity, and, at all events, the farmers, who two years ago were in favor of government loans on warehouse receipts and on kindred devices for availing themselves of the taxing power of the government, are too busy paying off their mortgages to bother their heads over hard questions of public finance. It is evident to any one who takes into account the state of public discussion on the questions over which the press and the stump-orators were by the ears

during the Presidential election that the country is no longer interested in them; although there must be a tariff question and a money question and a constant danger of a BRYAN movement and campaign so long as there is a tariff law, and a monetary system such as is at present on our statute-books. We do not rid ourselves of evils by getting excited over the affairs of other people and of distant islands.

As to the questions which have come out of the war, something might be expected that would make politics interesting. But the trouble here is that the questions are new, and the next step is remote; therefore sides have not been formed. The country has assumed the government of Hawaii, and Puerto Rico and Cuba seem inevitable. Probably, if the Democrats had had an opportunity to put the issue to the front, they would have opposed expansion; and if they could have pushed BRYAN aside, their opposition would have been a wholesome movement. But as it is, expansion is an accomplished fact, while it is too early for the country to divide into parties on the question of the manner of government that shall be adopted for our colonies. Perhaps the time and the opportunity for such an issue will never meet. Besides the general uncertainty and doubt as to what is to be done with respect to our colonies, the mind of the people is distracted over the conduct of the war.

We are inclined to think that in the end there will be more of a political issue in this question of army administration than there seems to be on the surface, for the essential point is not as to the guilt or incompetence of this man or that man, of this staff department or that staff department. It is much deeper and more fundamental than that. It goes to the very heart of our system of government, and before the army question can be satisfactorily settled we must determine whether or not it will be wise to change our government so radically that it will be a very different kind of government from that which the fathers supposed that they were framing. At the moment the whole country is indignant by reason of the terrible sufferings of our soldiers, and it is generally, and with some reason, supposed that this indignation will be manifested by the defeat of Republican candidates for Congress. This, judging from past examples in our history, would be the natural result of such revelations as have appeared in the newspapers from one end of the country to the other. It may be, however, that Republican Congressional candidates will escape this time, because they and their newspapers are at one with the Democratic newspapers in making the Secretary of War the scapegoat for the whole miserable business. There is, in fact, no reason why one party should be punished more than the other for what has gone on and is going on in the administration of the affairs of the army, for the main fault lies with the system under which these terrible evils are not only probable, but almost inevitable. At any rate, we doubt if the voters have made up their minds to punish Republican Congressmen for what they firmly believe to be the guilt of MR. ALGER. There is abundant excitement over the matter, it is true, and some effort is being made to give a political expression to the excitement, but as yet there is little evidence of success in this effort.

Perhaps another cause for political apathy lies in the fact that the people have come at last to realize fully their utter helplessness. They are in the hands of the boss, and, war or no war, public interest or public apathy, the candidates who are to be nominated will be those who are selected by QUAY or PLATT, or the Connecticut ring, or MURPHY and CROKER, or HANNA or FORAKER, or TANNER or ALTGELD. With many men, and they the men who have the most intelligent interest in politics, this apathy does not denote indifference. It may mean hopelessness for the moment, but there is resentment also. Moreover, as we have indicated, the parties are nearer together on questions of principle than ever before. There is less reason than ever before for the best Republicans and best Democrats to remain apart. There is much that is intensely interesting and important in the near future. Large issues are to be raised, and large questions are to be settled. There is sometimes a calm that accompanies a change of sentiment, just as there often is a stillness before a tumultuous storm. Before the next Presidential election there is sure to be one of the best opportunities for the formation of a new party that this country has ever witnessed. Apathy is unnatural in American politics. It has always preceded exciting times. It is only necessary to recall the years that followed the "Era of Good Feeling" to conclude that the present indifference is a prelude to important shiftings in parties and to much excitement—excitement that is very likely to lead to the disappearance of the kind of boss who rules us now, and to the reappearance, as leaders, of intelligent and educated men. Meanwhile, in view of the task before us, let us assume no more responsibilities than we must.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

THREE months ago the result of the referendum in the colonies of Australia on the question of federation appeared to persons at a distance to hold out little hope of the consolidation of the colonies under a single government. The press in England reluctantly, and that of both France and Germany with some appearance of satisfaction, arrived at the conclusion that the refusal of New South Wales to accept the proposed constitution would at least put the movement back for many years, and might not unlikely lead to the permanent isolation of the various colonies. There were excuses for the misunderstanding too, yet further developments would seem to prove that the opinion formed was a hasty one. It was founded on the idea that the adhesion of the oldest colony of the Australian group was essential to any federation, and this is now freely admitted in Australia itself; the error lay in the hasty conclusion that New South Wales itself was not in favor of joining a federal union.

The general election of the Parliament of that colony, particulars of which have just reached this country, disclose the true position of the matter, and indicate that there is a strong probability that the cause of the federal union of Australia will triumph within a very short time. The issue tried at the recent election was essentially that of federation, and it is significant that in the contest there was no anti-federation party. The question was not as to the policy, but as to the terms, of union, and the voters were divided into hostile camps only on the questions what were the smallest amendments in the proposed federal constitution that ought to satisfy the colony in giving its adhesion to the scheme, and which of the contending leaders was the most likely to bring about an agreement. The result was a victory for the leader of the existing government, and the acceptance of his programme as the one that would content the people of New South Wales; and the new Parliament has been elected pledged to support him in the effort to secure federation practically by three definite amendments of the constitution.

The terms laid down by the people of New South Wales as the price of their adhesion to the scheme of union are briefly these: (1.) Either the abolition of the equal representation of large and small colonies in the federal Senate, or some other efficient safeguard against a combination of the less populous colonies overriding the federal legislation passed by a majority of the Chamber elected on a population basis. (2.) The more effectually depriving the Senate of all power of amending money bills. (3.) The removal from the constitution of any provision which necessarily involves the imposition of high protective duties by the federal government. Subject to the amendment of the constitution in these respects, the people of New South Wales have declared that they will accept the act framed by the convention.

The proposals arise naturally out of the circumstances of the mother-colony of the Australian group. She is to-day the most populous of the colonies; she is also the only one of them all which has adopted a free-trade policy, and, as a large majority of her people believe, she has done so to the great increase of her prosperity and wealth. As the colony possessed of the largest population, the largest and least-encumbered revenue, and the greatest developed wealth, her people consider that they alone will be called upon to make a sacrifice for the sake of federation, and it would seem that in these demands they have formulated an ultimatum for the acceptance or rejection of the less populous and prosperous colonies. It can hardly be questioned that the course adopted holds out the best hopes of an agreement. At the convention the great and small colonies had equal representation, and New South Wales was almost invariably outvoted. In all the particulars now objected to the constitution was dictated by the delegates from the three smaller colonies, and by her present action New South Wales merely states the lowest terms of concession by the less populous colonies on which she will join with them in a federation in which at present she has little to receive and a good deal to give.

The interesting question now is, how far the other colonies are prepared to go to secure the senior colony's adhesion to the scheme, which, in fact, means its acceptance. The prospect would seem to be hopeful. There is scarcely a doubt that Victoria will agree, and it appears likely that Queensland will come in on the terms proposed. It is probable that South Australia will hesitate, but eventually accept; and if so, the inclusion of Western Australia and Tasmania can only be a question of time. Should this be so, the action of New South Wales will have the result, whether it be for better or worse, of moulding the latest federation of the English-speaking people upon lines more entirely democratic than any yet attempted. Opinions may differ as to the probable success of the experiment, but there can be no question of its interest and importance for all who are taking part in the development and application of democratic government in the varying conditions of modern society.

ANARCHISM AND ASSASSINATION.

No more startling or revolting crime could have been committed than the murder of the Empress of Austria. Not since MARIE ANTOINETTE was sent to the guillotine has there been a crime more apt to awaken that sentiment of chivalric pity and indignation to which, on the earlier occasion, BURKE gave expression in words that are likely to be remembered as long as the English language endures. Now, as then, a queen has been chosen for murder because she was a queen, but in this case it was a queen beloved by all her people. It is scarcely conceivable that an Austrian or a Hungarian, even an anarchist, could have been found to raise his dagger against the beloved ELIZABETH, who was beloved of all her people, and whose person formed, it is not too much to say, one of the strongest bonds of the dual monarchy. Only a foreigner could do it, and it is not wonderful that Austrian mobs should have risen against Italian residents in Austria to avenge the crime of an Italian.

And yet there is no reason to suppose that the wretch committed his crime as an Italian. He was a murderer in his character of an enemy of the human race. Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, are of no country. Neither are they of any time. We are apt to look upon anarchism as a new disease. In fact it is as old as failure. It is hard, especially for an American, to comprehend that anarchism is merely an embodied rage, a human rabies. He supposes that it must have some political object, however crazy, and be defended by some pretence of reason, however fantastic. The fact is, however, that, outside of Russian Nihilism, the crimes of anarchism have no ulterior motive. The murder of a man or of a woman who has always had enough to eat and drink and wear is to the anarchist "of action" its own reward. If anarchist murder were a political crime, having a political object, its complete failure might teach the anarchists to take up some more promising method of agitation. Everywhere the effect of anarchist crimes has been to strengthen the form of government and the state of society against which the anarchists pretend to take up arms. In a country like Russia—not that there is any like it—in which it is a crime against the state to be an educated man, "to know, to utter, and to argue freely," it is not to be wondered at that men should strive to sweep away the whole fabric of government which oppresses them, and should prefer to have "nihil" in its place. Yet, even in Russia, every violence of Nihilism reacts upon the violent, and establishes more firmly the system of which they complain and against which they revolt. The despotism is not "tempered by assassination." The present Czar sits more securely and more firmly on the throne because his grandfather was murdered. The assassination of CARNOT weakened the Radicals and the Socialists in whose interest it was supposed to have been committed. Who can doubt that the murder of the German Emperor would do more than anything else to delay the inevitable political modernization of Germany? So long as the existing social state in any country seems to the majority of its people—the majority in weight as well as in number—preferable to anarchy, so long will a crime committed to overthrow the social order have the effect of strengthening that order.

We repeat that the passions which produce anarchism are not new. What is new is the facility of communication which the diffusion of the arts of reading and writing and printing has brought with it. Any rabid human animal who would hesitate to murder if he believed that the result would be his own prompt and quiet effacement is encouraged to do murder by the hope of becoming a hero to other rabid human animals who will know of his crime and envy his precedency. The love of notoriety conquers the fear of death. It has been suggested that to defeat the desire for notoriety is to furnish the most effectual preventive for the crimes of anarchists. The suggestion is worthy of attention in the international councils to which the cruel murder of the Empress of Austria may lead.

EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria was assassinated by Luigi Luccheni, an Italian anarchist, in front of the Hôtel Beau Rivage, Geneva, shortly after noon, Saturday, September 10. The Empress had been stopping some days in Geneva, travelling incognita with a small suite, and was about to take a lake steamer for Montreux. She was walking from the hotel to the boat-landing near by, when the assassin rushed upon her and plunged a stiletto into her breast. The attack was so sudden that no one had time to interfere. The murderer fled, but was overtaken by the crowd and turned over to the police. He boasted of his cowardly crime, and cheered for anarchy. The Empress staggered, but was able to reach the boat. She did not realize she had been stabbed, thinking she had been only struck by the man's fist; but growing faint, her ladies-in-waiting unfastened her waist, and found her Majesty was bleeding internally from a deep wound. The boat at once put back to Geneva, the Empress was carried to the hotel, physicians were summoned, but her Majesty died almost immediately.

As capital punishment has been abolished in Switzerland, Luccheni will probably be turned over to Austria for trial, on the ground of the Empress's right of extra-territoriality.

Diplomats, especially when they labored under the disadvantage of forming part of that very small fry known as attachés, enjoyed but few opportunities of coming into contact with Empress Elizabeth of Austria; and many a full-fledged envoy has actually left Vienna, after a stay there of several years, without ever having even set eyes on the lovely consort of "Franz den Kaiser." For even in the days prior to the tragedies of the Stahrenberg Lake and of Meyerling, which exercised so saddening an influence upon the later portion of her career, she held herself as far as possible aloof from court functions, while I cannot remember her ever taking part in those entertainments of the Viennese aristocracy, such as, for instance, of the Metternichs, the Andrassys, and the Schwarzenbergs, which the other members of the reigning family, including the Emperor, were wont to honor with their presence.

The first time that I had the opportunity of seeing Elizabeth, save at a distance, was on the occasion of the visit of the late Empress Augusta to Vienna, and the contrast between these two Empresses, personifying, the one, the traditions and the prestige of the so-called Holy Roman Empire, the other the glare of the new-fledged and somewhat parvenu German Empire, has always remained impressed upon my mind. Empress Augusta, although at the time a manifest septuagenarian, was arrayed in the most girlish fashion. A light muslin dress with a sash, which might have been suitable for a girl in her teens, only served to render still more marked the artifices that had been called into use to give a correspondingly juvenile appearance to a face that suggested enamel and paint, and which was surmounted by an enormous brown wig.

Her voice, as every one who knew her may very well remember, was pitched in such high tones and was so loud and so devoid of softness that it resembled a positive screech, while her gestures were jerky, and her movements both rapid and nervous. Beside her was the Empress Elizabeth, who, although the mother of a married daughter, looked a mere girl, dressed in the most quiet and sombre fashion, the pallor of her face unrelieved by one bit of paint, her voice melodiously soft, the very perfection of quiet grace and supreme elegance. The Viennese, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, did not love their Empress much, resenting her reluctance to show herself in public. But I think that they were proud of her on that day, and realized the immeasurable distance that separates the Hapsburgs from the Hohenzollerns.

Subsequently I learned to know her better, especially after having taken part in some of those hunts in which she used to delight, and for the sake of which we were wont each year to migrate for a time from Vienna to Pesth, and I had several opportunities of observing how very kind a heart, how generous and considerate a nature, and how simple and unaffected a mind there were concealed under that somewhat cold reserve and chilly if beautiful exterior, which somehow or other brought home to one the thought of the analogy that existed between herself and her favorite flower, that flower of the snow-covered Alps, namely, the edelweiss.

It is hardly necessary to record here the history of her childhood, nor the romance of a marriage which took place when she was but seventeen. Every one knows that she was the daughter of that grand old patriarch Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, of whom so many entertaining anecdotes are current throughout southern Germany to this day. He permitted his sons and daughters to grow up as they listed, and, with the exception of his eldest son, who married an actress and became the father of the infamous Countess Larisch, they have all turned out remarkable men and women. The younger son, Duke Charles Theodore, is famous throughout the world as an oculist, and has to his credit some three thousand cataract operations.

One of the daughters is the ex-Queen of Naples, who behaved with such magnificent gallantry at the siege of Gaeta, where she assumed the charge of the heroic defence of the fortress in lieu of her craven husband, that the Czar conferred upon her the order of St. George, she being the only woman who has ever received this rare distinction. Another daughter was that Duchess of Alençon who stood aside and sacrificed her life in order to permit others to make their escape from the flames of the charity bazar at Paris two years ago. Empress Elizabeth was quite as much of a heroine as either of these sisters, although few people were aware of the fact until, on the day of her assassination, she actually walked from the Duke of Brunswick's monument to the wharf at Geneva after being stabbed to the heart, and subsequently expired without uttering a word of complaint, only asking the lady in attendance on her, in her own characteristic way, "not to make any fuss."

There was yet another sister, namely, the eldest, Helene by name, whom the Emperor jilted in order to marry the youngest. Yet, in spite of this disappointment sustained by Princess Helene, she remained the warmest friend and most clever counsellor of Elizabeth. The latter stood in sore need of her advice and support when she first went to Vienna as a bride. For not only the court, the aristocracy, and the people, but even the imperial family were against her, on account of the alleged inadequacy of her rank. Perhaps her bitterest foe may be said to have been her own mother-in-law, the masterful and imperious Duchess Sophia, who later on was abetted and supported therein by the now widowed and demented Archduchess Charlotte, ex-Empress of Mexico. It was this unfriendliness, by which she was environed during the first fifteen or twenty years of her marriage, that led her to accord so much attention to the friends of her childhood, namely, dogs, and especially horses. Her power and influence over the latter were extraordinary, while even the past masters of the science of hunting, in Leicestershire and in County Meath, so critical with regard to the riding of foreigners, enthusiastically declared that her seat in the saddle was unrivalled, and that she was the most perfect horsewoman in existence.

There is no greater mistake that it is possible to make than to charge her with having been eccentric to a degree verging on insanity, and more than three-quarters of the stories of her alleged oddities are based on mere hearsay, and utterly devoid of foundation, originating with people who neither knew the Empress nor were even acquainted with her by sight.

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

To a clever, high-spirited woman possessed of the originality of Elizabeth there could have been nothing more dreary and intensely tiresome—nay, even exasperating—than the strict rules and laws of etiquette which have been in force at the court of Vienna ever since the days when Austria and Spain were united under the same crown. The Empress rebelled against all these restrictions, which, had she permitted, would have regulated by century-old precedent her every act, her every gesture, nay, her very speech. Of course her revolt in the matter led to her being taxed with eccentricity. For the moment that any one declines to comply with the conventions of our social system, no matter how empty a sham they may be, he or she is at once set down as being mentally unbalanced. The Empress's dislike of being stared at through field-glasses and telescopes, which the Viennese were in the habit of levelling at her whenever they got a chance, and her consequent avoidance, as far as possible, of every public appearance, naturally went far to give fresh color to these stories concerning the alleged lack of balance of her mind; and when, after the terrible death of her only son, she sought oblivion for her sorrow, and a relief from the insomnia which was one of the lasting effects of the shock, by constant travel and change of scene, people insisted that she was completely and entirely mad. Yet nothing could be further from the truth, and those who were at the court of Vienna at the time of the tragedy of Meyerling and during the sad months which followed that event, and who witnessed the fortitude with which Elizabeth bore her own sorrow and made it her duty to soothe the sorely stricken Emperor, to whom she was the first to break the news of the horrible affair, can bear eloquent testimony to the fact that no one in the world was less deserving of the accusation of being crazy or even mentally unbalanced than the kind-hearted, charitable, and altogether blameless Empress of Austria.

EX-ATTACHÉ.

THE "NEW YORK" AT SANTIAGO.

The Weekly desires to add a few words to the description of the naval battle of Santiago (published, with a chart, in the issue of September 3), from which credit to the flag-ship *New York* was omitted. It is always difficult, in preparing a report of this kind so soon after the actual occurrence of events, to escape error, and it is equally gratifying to be able to rectify any errors that may have been committed as soon as they may be pointed out. The ship's company of the *New York* feel justly aggrieved because their ship was left out of account in the chart published by the Weekly. This omission is especially disturbing as it is known that the captain of the *Cristóbal Colon* gave as his reason, to the Italian naval attaché, for running his ship ashore that the *New York* was coming up so fast as to make this action imperative, the *New York* running at 17 knots and the *Colon* at 13.7 knots. In the text of the article it was stated that the *New York* had gone to Siboney on the morning of July 3. The flag-ship started for Siboney, but, upon noticing heavy smoke rising above the entrance to Santiago Harbor, put about at 9.37 A.M., about a mile and a half west of Siboney. By 10.40 A.M. (or an hour later) the *New York* had passed the mouth of the harbor, and was half-way between Morro and the point where the *Oquendo* and *Teresa* were beached some five or ten minutes later.

She passed the burning wrecks at 10.55 A.M., and was then rapidly overhauling the *Vizcaya*. The latter turned in toward the shore at 11.15, crossing the *New York's* bows not more than a mile or a mile and a half distant—so close, in fact, that the pursuers could easily see the Spanish crew without the use of glasses. When the *Vizcaya* struck the reef, she was just forward of the *New York's* starboard beam. The flag-ship left the *Iowa* to look after the wreck, and kept on after the *Colon*, and at 11.35 heard the explosion of the *Vizcaya's* magazines, the *Vizcaya* at that moment bearing on the *New York's* starboard quarter, with the *Iowa* abeam. The *New York*, therefore, at the time the *Colon* went ashore (at 11.45), was just about where the *Colon* is shown on the chart at 6, and the actual position of the *Colon* should be marked considerably further west on the chart. The *New York* was unquestionably in the chase, and was one of the most important factors in the result.

The surrender of the *Colon* was principally due to the fire of the 13-inch guns of the *Oregon*, which ship has not received all the credit due her for her splendid conduct in this affair. The *Brooklyn*, on the contrary, has received much more than her deserts in popular but not in professional estimation. She was so far out at sea during the chase that the distance between her and the *Colon* was five miles, so that her 8-inch shots could not reach the Spanish ship. Indeed, the only shots that carried to the *Colon* were the 13-inch shots of the *Oregon*. The *New York* throughout the chase was the nearest of all the American vessels to the shore, and received the fire of the Spanish batteries in passing them.

WILFORD WOODRUFF.

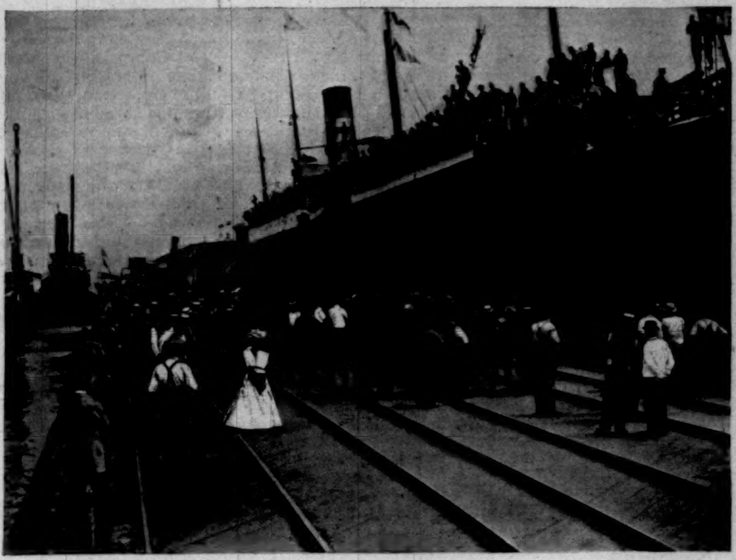
Wilford Woodruff, fourth President of the Mormon Church, who died in San Francisco September 2, from kidney troubles and old age, was born in Farmington, Hartford County, Connecticut, March 1, 1807. His ancestors had lived in that section for many generations. In his first years of manhood he disagreed with his family on religious matters, holding that the Churches of the time lacked true spirituality. He and his brother Azmon were in Oswego, New York, in 1833, and heard the preaching of two Mormon elders. Both were converted by a single sermon.

Wilford was sent to Kirtland, Ohio, where he became a favorite of the so-called prophet Joseph Smith. His time, until 1843, was taken up almost entirely with his travels to preach the new gospel. He travelled all through the United States and in many European countries. In England, in 1839, he directed a large force of missionaries, and his success so aroused the clergy that a petition against the Mormons was sent to Parliament. He was one of the leaders in the movement of the Mormons to Salt Lake after the shooting of the prophet Joseph Smith by an Illinois mob in 1844.

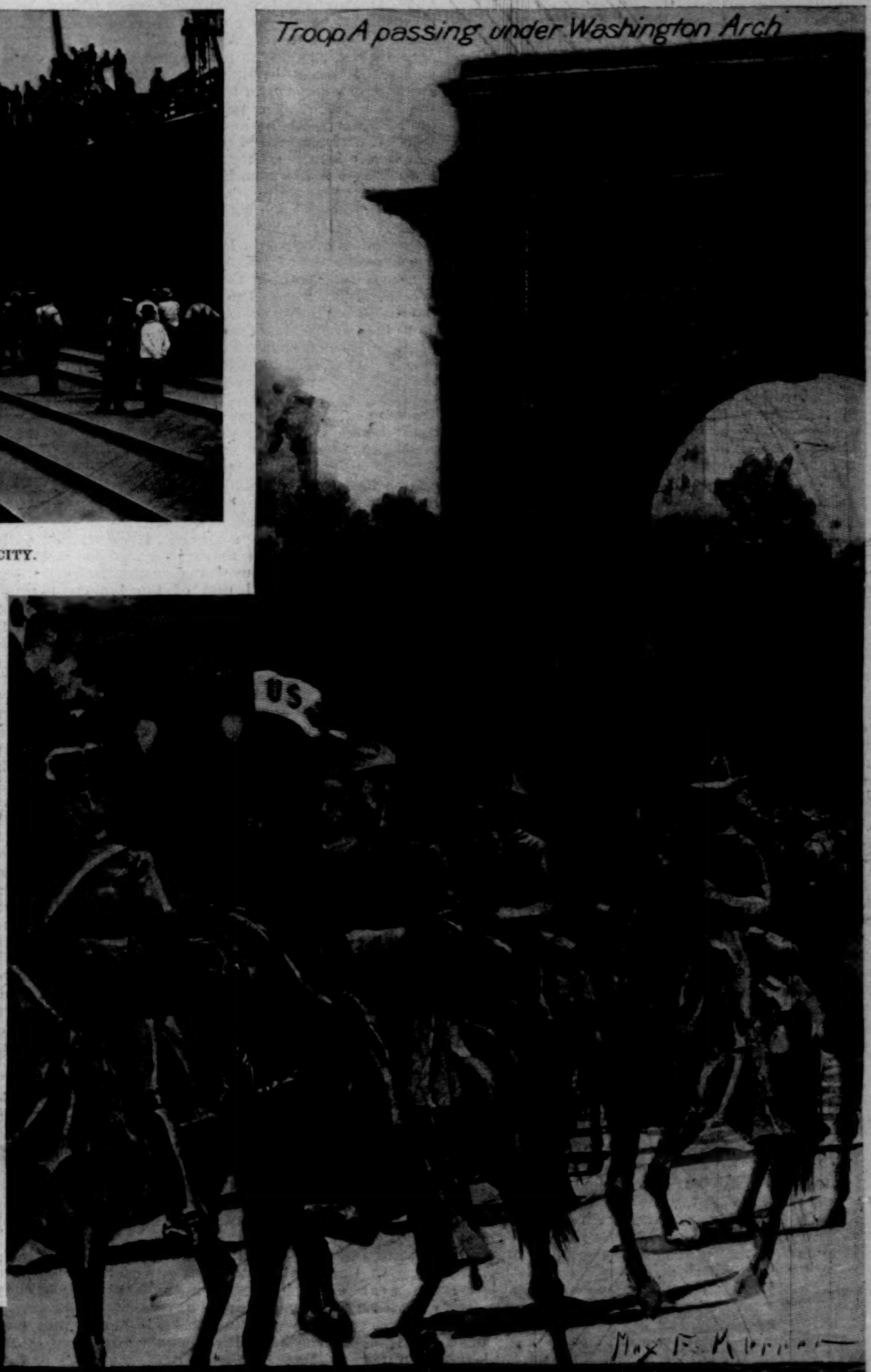
He became President of the Church in 1887, succeeding John Taylor, who had followed Brigham Young. Mr. Taylor died while eluding arrest for polygamy, and Mr. Woodruff was selected in secret, and for many months did not show himself in public.

Under his administration have occurred most of the events which have brought the Mormon Church into consonance with American ideas. The United States confiscated hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of church property soon after he came into office, and after this blow, and after the penitentiary had been filled with polygamists, and all the Church leaders had been driven into hiding, the pressure became so great that, on September 24, 1890, he issued a manifesto counselling the abandonment of polygamy.

This manifesto ended the fight on religious lines which had waged bitterly in Utah. Effective opposition to Statehood ended when he and the other members of the Mormon First Presidency declared soon after that "the Church will not assert any right to control the political action of its members." It is a matter of record in Utah, however, that this pledge has not been kept since Statehood was



TROOP C ARRIVING AT JERSEY CITY.



TAKING THE SICK ASHORE.

THE HOME-COMING OF NEW YORK'S CAVALRY.

SCENES ATTENDING THE ARRIVAL OF THE "MISSISSIPPI" WITH TROOPS A AND C.—DRAWINGS BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

granted. President Woodruff's last sermon called for union of Mormons on political lines.

President Woodruff was never an ardent polygamist, contenting himself with four wives. He had a very large family, and his favorite son, Owen A. Woodruff, has been made a member of the twelve apostles in the Church.

THE DESTRUCTION OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

In the destruction of New Westminster, by fire, on the afternoon of September 11, British Columbia loses its oldest and one of its most important towns. That it had dropped far behind of late was due to the modern changes in methods of commerce and transportation following the introduction of railways and ocean steamships. New Westminster occupied a pleasant forest-bordered slope upon the north bank of the Fraser River, some fifteen miles from its mouth, which has the form of a delta broken by level, treeless, and exceedingly fertile islands. This site was chosen in 1850, when the Hudson Bay Company resigned control and that region became a British colony for a fortified camp; but the discovery of gold on the upper waters of the Fraser in 1858 gave soldiers and citizens something else to think about, and New Westminster rose like a mushroom to be the port of entry to the new diggings, whose story is one of the most romantic chapters in the wild history of "El Dorados." One of the substantial results was to leave New Westminster a flourishing town, and the capital of the new colony of British Columbia, which the gold-hunters and boomers had erected independent of Vancouver; but when the mines no longer yielded fortunes to the wayfarer and were largely abandoned, the mainland colony reunited with Vancouver Island, and its capital returned to Victoria, except some branch offices, like that of the crown lands and forests, which remained to show visitors with what stately and elegant leisure the Queen's business could be conducted.

The greatest resource of this struggling little city has been the canning of salmon. The blue-back and other salmon annually ascend the Fraser to spawn in enormous numbers. There are now more than a dozen canneries at or near the city, which turn out nearly half a million cases of cans a year, and pay out some $500,000 in wages annually. The population of New Westminster approached eight thousand.

The whole centre of the city was destroyed by the conflagration, which began upon the wharves, and swept away saw-mills, lumber-yards, shipping, railway stations, business streets, and residences, until over three hundred buildings had been laid in ashes. A very high wind was blowing, the water-supply was deficient, and nothing perhaps would have been saved had not help come from Vancouver. So much of this loss is of that inestimable kind which consisted in old associations and religious and educational advantages that it is doubtful whether the town can ever fully recover from this final blow to an existence which has already outlived many hopes and survived many reverses.

IN FRONT OF MANILA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Headquarters of General Greene,
Camp Dewey, Tambo, *August 6, 1898.*

All the troops already landed have had their baptism of fire except the Astor Battery, which is eating its heart out here in camp. Not being armed with rifles, the men cannot be used as infantry, and as there is no place possible for the guns in the intrenchments at the front, they cannot move a wheel. The affair on Sunday night last, which, I am sure, has been much exaggerated by cable, did not assume the proportions of a battle, but might be called a brisk engagement. The force of the enemy has been variously estimated from two to four thousand; and our troops, including the supports, counted probably less than a thousand, all told. The losses in the Tenth Pennsylvania were ten per cent. of their number, and this large proportion was due to their exposed position in the rice-swamp to the right of our short intrenched line. A great many of the other losses occurred on the way from the post of supports to the firing-line, for there is a danger-zone of several hundred yards between our picket-line and the intrenchments. The situation at the front, briefly described, is this: Our troops have intrenched themselves from the sea-shore to a point beyond the Pasai road, a distance of 1460 yards. Most of this line is through thickets of bamboo and other tropical growth, and it is all on low marshy ground. The intrenchments are not continuous, but, with the exception of the part between the sea-shore and the Calle Real, a distance of about 300 yards, they are detached rifle-pits, and have been built since Sunday night. Near the sea-shore the trenches are 1300 yards from the formidable sand-bag batteries of the enemy, and on the extreme right they come within 250 yards of a strong timber block-house, which bears the number 14 in plain figures. The Spanish rifle-pits near the sea-shore have apparently been abandoned; but from the Calle Real, which is the main thoroughfare from Manila to Cavité, and runs near the sea eastward to block-house No. 14, their intrenchments are very numerous, and irritatingly near our lines. We have thus gone on steadily occupying a position considerably in advance of the insurgents, who have retired from the position on the left, but now find themselves on the right, between our rifle-pits in front and our picket-line and supports in the rear. There has been no unpleasantness about this occupation thus far, but the insurgents are a source of considerable annoyance and trouble, for force has to be used to prevent them from firing from our trenches when the line is perfectly quiet. Their idea of fighting seems to be to blaze away into the landscape and make as much noise as possible. To-day, as I write, I can recognize the dull sound of the Napoleonic bronze six-inch gun they have up close in the rear of our trenches, near the Pasai road, the highway parallel to the Calle Real, and only a few hundred yards east of it. This gun is mounted on a limber-carriage with small wheels, and bears the date 1803, and also the date when a Krupp breech was put on, 1874. Every time they fire this, the Spaniards reply, and as they have the range of our earth-works perfectly, their shells often cause considerable injury. Three men of the Twenty-third regulars were killed in that way last night and seven wounded. Between our lines and the suburbs of Malate and Cingalon, south of which the Spanish positions are the strongest, are impassable rice-swamps, intersected by the two above-mentioned roads leading into Manila, and the great swamps extend eastward as far as the neighborhood of the Pasig River. The roads are simply canals of mud, quite impracticable for any vehicles except the light two-wheeled native carts and the buffalo-sleds.

A severe southwesterly monsoon has been blowing for a week, and it has been impossible to land here without great danger in swamping. On Wednesday five cascos, or native lighters, loaded with troops of the Fourteenth and Twenty-third regulars, were towed over from Cavité. The method adopted in landing these cascos is to throw out an anchor and let them drag it as they drift through the surf, thus keeping the head on to the sea. But on Wednesday afternoon the surf was so heavy that two of the cascos broke from their anchor and drifted broadside on to the beach. The first one was wrecked and smashed to pieces in a few moments, but the second struck in a deeper place and did not break up. As they drifted into the surf many of the men were seen to strip and stow their clothes in their knapsacks, preparatory to swimming. The moment the first lighter struck, the men swarmed into the water and waded ashore with the water up to their arm-pits—sometimes dashing over their heads. A bandsman, carrying his great silver-plated tuba, was the first to land, and as he came through the surf, sometimes completely buried in a mass of tumbling white water, the great tuba, carried on his raised arms, flashed in the sun like the armor of some strange sea-god. Hundreds of natives gathered on the beach to see the landing, and to sell fruit and tobacco to the new-comers. For an hour or two the scene rivalled that of the famous taking of Lung Tung Pen. Great stalwart soldiers, clothed only in a knapsack, stalked through the whole camp to find their places away down the line; others, having lost their clothes, and with their accoutrements hanging on the bamboo to dry in the strong wind, wandered about as complacently as if they were in full dress; and all the while the natives—men, women, and children—in apparent unconsciousness of the white nudity of the soldiers, carried on a brisk trade with such of the men as could find their money. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt in this landing, although several were nearly drowned.

From this brief résumé of the situation here it will be seen that our position is not altogether satisfactory. We are losing valuable lives every day, and simply holding the lines. Of course it was necessary to occupy the front positions, because, in case we go into Manila by this road, which is apparently the only one we can take, it is absolutely necessary to be ahead of the insurgents, to stop plunder and outrage. We are now waiting for the moment to arrive when the navy shall co-operate with the army, and in one decisive blow bring about the reduction of the town. When that moment will be I do not venture to prognosticate; certainly not while a monsoon is blowing. The camp oracle declares it will not come until the *Monadnock* arrives. He made the same prophecy before the *Monterey* reached us, which she did on Thursday. I have always been of the opinion that the town would be surrendered as soon as the army made such a display in force that the inhabitants would be confident of protection against the insurgents. The troops of the third expedition, which arrived on Sunday, are landing here as fast as the weather will permit, and in a few days the bulk of the army will be in this camp.

No one who has not experienced the weather we have been having lately can form any idea of the discomforts of camp life in the almost continuous downpour which has been going on for the last week. Every article of clothing is drenched, and the unfortunates—and there are many of them—who have but one suit of clothes, and that a canvas one, have not known what it is to be dry for days. Boots and shoes are always wet. Every morning they are covered with blue mould, inside and out, and if one tries to clean and oil them they are as bad again in five minutes. I saw a parade of the Nebraska regiment last night in the company streets. A large proportion of the men were in their under-clothes, and scarcely one had a complete uniform. All the troops look as if they had been through a six months' active campaign, and the camp looks like a lacustrine village. But there is almost no illness as yet among the men, and their spirits are exuberant. General Greene is the busiest man in camp, as may be imagined, for in addition to the military operations at the front, the difficulties about supplies, about the landing of troops, and the transportation increase daily, and very much add to the labors of the one upon whom the whole responsibility rests. The example of the general's unflagging energy is invaluable and contagious, and it is scarcely necessary to say that the troops have unbounded confidence in him. Thus far all the active work in the field has been done by the troops in General Greene's brigade, and they have proved themselves most efficient soldiers in every respect.

F. D. Millet.

OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Camp Dewey, *August 7, 1898.*

The *Monterey*, black and ugly, steamed into Manila Bay on Thursday, August 4, and dropped anchor opposite Cavité. With her coming a new chapter opens in the story of the siege of Manila. Many weary days has the admiral watched for the arrival of the Monitor, for with her and the *Monadnock*, following closely in her wake, he has nothing to fear from the Spanish 10-inch guns in Manila, or the interference of the big German battle-ship, which lies threateningly among the foreign fleet, barring the way to the Philippine capital. The Germans still maintain their hostile attitude towards us, although, since the energetic action of Admiral Dewey towards them, they have shown a wholesome respect for our blockade regulations. An American who came down on a German transport, and was transferred to the German flag-ship, reports that the German officers told him Admiral Diederich would not allow the American fleet to bombard Manila. How much of this may be put down to a desire to brag it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain—that Admiral Dewey would not have delayed after the arrival of the second expedition for the coming of the *Monterey* unless he had more to cope with than Spanish guns.

General Merritt, with the third expedition, arrived here on Monday, July 25, and the troops have not yet all been landed, on account of the rough weather in the bay, which makes landing on the beach at Camp Dewey extremely difficult. Since July 29 a regiment of our troops has each day been marched up two miles from camp towards Manila, and placed in trenches dug just ahead of the insurgent lines. To make this occupation it was necessary to order the insurgents to leave this portion of their works, which extend completely around Manila. The soldiers of Aguinaldo willingly gave up the position to our men, and now only act as scouts in this region, while still maintaining the rest of their siege-works.

On one side of the Manila road running down to the beach our trenches were built under fire from the Spanish lines during the night. Here four guns from the Utah batteries A and B have been placed in gun-pits, with embrasures in the six-foot earth-works. On the other side of the road inland our rifle-pits are not continuously connected. On account of the swampiness of the ground and the dense growth of bamboo, which obstructs advance on every side, our men in twos and threes lie behind low heaps of earth. The soldiers often lie half in the water, and wholly exposed to the drenching showers, which beat down furiously every half-hour. Our lines extend in this way about two miles inland, to where a swampy river separates our works from the beginning of the insurgent rifle-pits. At no point along this line of ours can one see more than a thousand yards ahead, and in most places fifty feet is the limit of vision. Considering every detail of rain, swamp, and thicket, one could not well imagine a more nasty country for an active campaign; and when you add to these difficulties the fact that the Spaniards have a disagreeable habit of fighting exclusively at night, one wonders why our men were shoved forward into these trenches before we were ready to attack the city by sea and land, instead of allowing insurgents and Spaniards to waste men and ammunition in nightly squabbles. At any rate, since our men have occupied these earth-works we have lost seventeen killed and thirty-eight wounded, without our advancing or attempting to advance an inch. Indeed, the orders to our men have been not to load their rifles unless they were actually attacked by an advancing force of Spaniards. It is not to be expected that two hostile forces can lie at distances ranging from two hundred to fifteen hundred yards without doing some fighting. Every night the Spaniards have attacked our position, small detachments advancing against us through the swamps and brush. On August 2 I spent the night in the trenches, and saw the peculiar method of warfare used by the Spaniards. During the day no shooting had been done. Our pickets had been relieved regularly without drawing fire from the enemy, except for an occasional sharp-shooter, who got into the swampy places between our rifle-pits, and, up to his waist in water, fired occasionally from the thickets. As night closed in absolute quiet reigned. About nine-thirty suddenly a perfect shower of bullets came pelting down across our trenches. The whole Spanish line seemed to flame up as if lightning were playing up and down their trenches. Their five and three inch guns pounded our earth-works, and sent shrapnel bursting above our heads. Their firing was extremely accurate, for in the morning I discovered that the top of our earth-work was furrowed with their bullets. Indeed, it is a mistake to think that Spanish marksmanship on land is bad. Their shells struck with great accuracy, especially about our guns, and on the night of August 1 one of their shells actually exploded on a gun of Battery B, and carried away the sights, without, however, doing other damage.

After the first fusillade small groups of Spaniards left the protection of their earth-works and came forward in skirmishing order. On the right of our line the bamboo is so thick that only the flash of their rifles told of their presence; but near the shore, where the ground is more open, indistinct forms could be seen slipping forward, and stopping from time to time to shoot. Apparently their object was to cut our line in two at its weakest point, flank us, and, if possible, drive half our men into the sea, but they were driven off by a well-directed and sustained fire from our men. After about an hour the Spaniards withdrew, and left us in peace for the rest of the night.

One thing this desultory fighting proves—that our volunteers, after a very short time, are going to develop into splendid soldiers. They were as cool as veterans throughout the fight, and their only fault was a tendency to burn cartridges too rapidly. It is a very trying ordeal to put raw recruits to meet a night attack in a thickly wooded country of this sort. The Utah battery especially distinguished itself; they worked their guns, more exposed to shot and shell than any of the other soldiers, as if they were at target practice.

Our relations from day to day are becoming more strained with the insurgents and Aguinaldo. We forget that they drove the Spaniards from Cavité to their present intrenched position, thus saving us a long-continued fight through the jungle. We are now the masters, and are making our power felt, while we rather look down on the Philippine Indian who used to be our ally. Only day before yesterday we unceremoniously seized Aguinaldo's telegraph line; but on his vigorous protest, and an implied threat that continued action of this kind would be likely to turn the native population against us, gave up his telegraph line, and did what we ought to have done from the first—built one of our own. However much the bad feeling between American and insurgent may grow, one thing is certain, that to turn these islands over to Spain again would be criminal. We entered into the war to deliver Cuba from oppressive Spanish rule. By our actions here we encouraged the Filipinos with hopes of a free country, and made it possible for them to rise and force the Spaniards into Manila, leaving the rest of Luzon Island completely under their control. Having accepted Philippine aid against the Spaniards in the hour of our need, then to turn them over to Spain again, that she might this time with undivided resources throw her Cuban army into these islands, would be a dastardly act. English merchants assure me that the result would be a wholesale massacre of the natives. Any action on our part now seems preferable. Give them their liberty and guarantee it to them. Give them to Japan, England, even to Germany, or, as a last resort, keep them ourselves, rather than allow Spanish dominion, which has been worse here than in Cuba, to re-establish itself.

J. F. Bass.

THIS BUSY WORLD

LOST races continue to turn up, either actually by the discovery of living representatives, or historically by disclosure of their records. A London correspondent of the New York *Sun* told, under date of August 27, of a traveller, freshly returned from East Central Africa, who reports the discovery of astonishing remains of a former civilization on the great Inyanga plateau—the roof of that region, a vast plain 7500 feet above the sea. Here are remains of forts, strongholds, lookouts, and prodigious numbers of stone retaining-walls on the hill-sides, some of them forty miles long, with relics of an elaborate system of irrigation, indicating a great population and highly intelligent husbandry.

More notable still is the discovery, briefly recited in a recent issue of the New York *Herald*, of surviving descendants of the aborigines of Mexico in the heart of the wild Sierra Madre Mountains. The story is that Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, physician and anthropologist, of New York, spent three months of the present year—from April to July—in northern Mexico, in the service of the American Museum of Natural History, and penetrated with much difficulty far up into the Sierra Madres, where he found people of a race long believed be to extinct. He staid with them, formed agreeable relations with them, and found them cheerful and hospitable, and willing to be studied. He studied both the living and the dead, digging up bones, measuring skulls and skeletons, and fetching home a satisfactory line of skeletons and mummies for future reference. Dr. Hrdlicka is represented as believing that these people are pure-blooded representatives of the prehistoric races which left such astonishing remains in Mexico and Central America. As reported in the *Herald*, he speaks highly of their mental capacity, and says they are handsome people, with chocolate-colored (not copper-colored) skins, with skulls of a shape different from and better than those of the American Indians, and with nothing in them of Indian cruelty. If these people prove to be really of the races which formerly flourished from Peru northward to Mexico, their discovery is a matter of great moment to scientists, and of very lively interest to the general public.

Still another extraordinary traveller's tale, which comes by way of London, records the presence, in that centre, of M. Louis de Rougemont, a Swiss, who has been absent from civilization, much against his will, for the last thirty-five years. The outlines of his story, as set forth by the *Westminster Gazette*, reads like a tale by Mr. H. G. Wells, and makes *Robinson Crusoe* seem an every-day story by comparison. He went cruising after pearls in the early sixties in the South Seas, got together a great treasure, and was overtaken by a storm, which swept away all his accomplices, and left him alone on his ship. Then he was cast away on a sand spit in the Timor Sea, where, after a long time, he was joined by four negroes, who were blown ashore. The five built a boat and escaped to Australia, and there Rougemont lived twenty-eight years, undergoing experiences and adventures the like of which, it is positively averred, have never before been narrated, and witnessing many curious and highly interesting things, about which anthropologists and others are much excited. The *Westminster Gazette* represents this adventurer to be the sensation of the London hour. Doubtless it is due to the pressure of other news that we have not been more fully regaled with particulars about him.

The prospect of the planting of a colony of Germans in Syria is interesting. Syria has an area of about 146,000 square miles, and a population of 2,700,000, which leaves room for many immigrants. Two-thirds of the present population are Mohammedan. What the country seems to need most is roads, almost all the transportation being now done on the backs of mules and camels. Wheat and other grains can be raised to advantage in Syria, but even the poor old broken-down Erie Canal can beat camels as a means of getting grain to market, and until Syria has a full set of parallel competing railroads it is not likely to raise more grain than is needed for local consumption. It trades, however, in many other things—silk, olive oil, indigo, gums, dates, relics, and the like, and ought to do a good business in entertaining tourists. Emperor William of Germany expects to go to Palestine this fall to dedicate the German church at Jerusalem. No one who knows him doubts that he will wear spurs at the dedication. We are told that he hopes to regain for the Roman Catholics the possession of the chamber of the last supper.

Judge Thomas M. Cooley, who died at his home at Ann Arbor, Michigan, on September 12, was one of the best and most useful men of his generation, and was the great authority of his time on those branches of the law which touch upon constitutional construction. He was the sort of successful man that is particularly dear to the American heart, for he was a farmer's son who won education in the teeth of adverse circumstances, won professional success because his merits were so great that it could not escape him, and used his great powers both indirectly and directly in the public service.

He was born on a farm near Attica, in western New York, in 1824, studied law for a year in a lawyer's office in Palmyra, and in 1843 moved to Michigan and settled on a farm near Adrian. He kept on with his law studies in the intervals of farming, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. For two years he helped out an infant law practice at Tecumseh, Michigan, by editing a newspaper, and in 1847 settled in Adrian. In the course of ten years he made a reputation as a lawyer, and in 1847 was elected to the Legislature. The next year he was appointed reporter to the Supreme Court. In 1859 he became a professor in the law department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and began a connection with the university which lasted for nearly thirty years. In 1864 he was elected a judge of the Supreme Court, and continued on the bench in Michigan until 1885. In 1887 he was appointed receiver of the Wabash Railroad, a labor which he resigned at the solicitation of President Cleveland to become a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. He was chosen chairman of the commission, but after four years of laborious service his health broke down, and in 1891 he retired from active life. It will be seen that the best years of his life were spent in the public service, as a teacher of law, as a judge, and as an inter-State commerce commissioner. His work as a judge was very valuable, but perhaps his greatest service was rendered as a writer of law-books. His book on *Constitutional Limitations* and his hand-book on *Constitutional Law* are regarded by competent authority as "the chief substantial addition to American constitutional law made in our time."

Mr. Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, at Tuskegee, Alabama, believes that the new responsibilities which we have incurred in Cuba and Puerto Rico include an obligation to promote the education of the negroes of those islands. Both in Cuba and in Puerto Rico the negroes form half of the population. No one disputes that they need training—intellectual, industrial, religious—such as is given at Hampton and Tuskegee. In the present state of Cuba industrial education is especially necessary. By way of making a beginning Mr. Washington proposes to bring to this country a few promising young Cuban negro men and women and train them at Tuskegee, so that they can go back and begin the work of industrial training on the island. To bring them to Tuskegee and teach them will cost $150 apiece for each year's instruction. Mr. Washington wants to hear from persons who are disposed to help in defraying the costs of this work.

An illustration of the difference between the attitude of European dignitaries to American artists in Europe and that of their own government toward them is afforded by the information lately received that the Prince-Regent of Bavaria has conferred upon our fellow-countryman Edwin Lord Weeks the gold cross of officer of the order of St. Michael. Uncle Sam's disposition, as interpreted by the statesmen who make his tariffs, seems to be to make it as hard as possible for the American artist to develop his talent. In Europe, on the contrary, the sentiment of the authorities seems to be that a man who can paint good pictures should be encouraged to do so, even though he happen to be an American. So long as American artists continue to be rewarded abroad and discouraged at home it need not surprise any one if they find the atmosphere of Europe more congenial than ours.

We shall all be interested to learn what sort of a reception Admiral Cervera meets with at home, and what sort of justice he gets from his own countrymen. So far as we know, he sailed out of Santiago Harbor under direct orders from his superiors in authority, though against his personal judgment. The facts of his situation seem to be clear and easily demonstrated, but whether the present temper of the Cortes is such as to permit it to recognize facts when they are presented is a question.

The episode of the admiral's experiences in this country is without precedent or counterpart. There never was a hero who was more polite. The kind old man must be relieved that for the present he has no more acknowledgments to make and no more letters of thanks to compose.

The Tree-Planting Association found in the consequences of the extreme heat that wound up our summer a useful object-lesson of the need of shade trees in the streets of New York. An appeal which they have issued asserts that the cooling effects of trees in cities are recognized both by scientists and laymen, and calls upon all owners of city property, but especially owners of tenement-house property, to plant shade trees in front of their holdings. The association insists that shade from trees can be obtained in a few years if the right sort of trees are planted, and it offers to send free to all inquirers, from its office at 64 White Street, full information as to what trees are most suitable, where to get them, and what it costs to have them set out. The fall is the time to plant trees, so that persons who are willing to experiment according to the Tree-Planting Association's suggestions should make their arrangements at once. New York streets have certainly been hot enough this summer to warrant attention to any reasonable means of making them cooler. Moreover, if trees can be made to grow in the streets of New York they will grow in the streets of any city, and the example of their usefulness here will have widespread effects.

We hear a great deal about the prospects of prosperity. Everybody who ought to know seems to believe it is coming now with somewhat of a bang. Mr. George J. Gould, for example, was quoted the other day as saying, on his return from Europe, that everything he had heard since he got home convinced him "that we are on the eve of an era of prosperity perhaps unprecedented in our history." Those are good words. We are all in the attitude of the Sunday-school children when the teacher called for such silence that they could hear a pin-drop, and the little boy who was holding his breath shrieked, "Let her drop!" We are exceedingly attentive to promises of prosperity. Let it come! We won't let it get away. Mr. Gould points out that the great harvest will make work for the railroads, that that will make railroad securities "boom," and that all sound stocks will be the better for it. That is first rate for the folks who have the securities and the sound stocks; but the rest of us also want a lift, both those of us who have no railroad securities and those who own stocks that are not sound. No prosperity will be accepted as unprecedented and satisfactory which does not make the unsound stocks sound. The sound stocks are well enough as it is; it is the unsound stocks that need regeneration. When we get a blast of prosperity that will make bad securities good, then we shall really begin to take some comfort. Even more than that we need such an improvement as will bring work to the unwillingly idle, and put money into pockets that can only be replenished by daily labor. Meanwhile our five years' experience in sailing close to the wind is serving us in pretty good stead, and it may be that if we continue to be kept in practice we shall learn presently how to scrape a profit even out of hard times. Perhaps, after all, that very accomplishment has more to do with bringing on good times again than even good crops.

News from the colleges begins to accumulate again. The embarrassment of Trinity College in Durham, North Carolina, over a gift of $100,000 to that institution from Washington Duke, the tobacco manufacturer, has abated. It was charged by one Clark, a Populist judge of North Carolina, that Mr. Duke's proffered gift was "blood-money, earned at the expense of the health and morals of the young men of the country by a gold-bug," and it was hinted that President Kilgo accepted it with the understanding that sound-money doctrines should be taught to Trinity students. The trustees of the college, having looked into the charges of Justice Clark, have acquitted President Kilgo of any misconduct.

The University of California has lost its president, Dr. Martin Kellogg, and has acquired from Miss Cora Jane Flood a large gift of valuable property, including the Flood mansion at Menlo Park. Both incidents seem to have been somewhat unexpected, though President Kellogg's resignation was not so unlooked for but that rumor already points to Professor Edmund James, of the University of Chicago, as his probable successor.

The resignation of President Gates of Amherst, offered and accepted last June, does not take effect until the expiration of a year's leave of absence. A new president cannot be elected until the office is vacant, so the Amherst trustees have plenty of time to negotiate for a fit man. With the headships of Amherst, Brown, California, and Rochester vacant, the current demand for college presidents must be brisk. It was reported the other day that the Brown trustees wanted to engage Colonel Roosevelt, but the obvious multiplicity of the colonel's other engagements makes that rumor seem improbable.

Cornell, besides building a medical college in New York, has been considering plans for a new alumni hall and student club-house at Ithaca, to be built by the alumni, at a cost of $150,000. Plans for it have been offered in competition by graduates of the Cornell College of Architecture, and the best one will take a prize of $500.

Reports from Cambridge prophesy that the new Harvard Freshman class will equal in number, if it does not exceed, the Freshman class of last year. The requirements for entrance to Harvard's Scientific School were lately raised, with satisfactory results. Changes are now proposed which will make entrance somewhat more difficult in the Academic Department. New requirements, not to be operative for at least another year, call for somewhat more Greek and Latin and mathematics, but give much greater choice as to other subjects.

College men in general, but especially Harvard men, have read with interest and pleasure of the marriage, on September 13, at Worcester, of Mr. R. C. Lehmann to Miss Alice Davis. There was a great muster of British and American boating-men at Mr. Lehmann's wedding, which must have been a very lively and joyous occasion. Mr. Lehmann seems to have finished for the present with coaching American crews, but we shall not forget him, and we are glad that he seems to have taken an effectual precaution against forgetting us.

By the will of Albert A. Munger, who died on August 26, the Art Institute of Chicago has fallen heir to a collection of paintings which is reported to have cost $300,000, and to be of a present value exceeding that sum. It includes "The Bathers," by Bouguereau, and Meissonier's "Vidette," paintings which Mr. Munger greatly prized, and of which Chicago will rejoice to be the owner.

The frequent iteration of complaints about baseball as it is played by professional clubs in New York recalls the reasons which are stated to have influenced Dr. Coit to exclude that game from St. Paul's School at Concord. The story as given by graduates of St. Paul's is that Dr. Coit had no special prejudice against baseball as a sport, but that he found that his boys felt constrained to bet on baseball games, and would do it, so he finally expelled the game from his school because it involved too much gambling. Cricket was substituted for it, and being a slower and less interesting game, and one which led much less frequently to stirring contests, it answered the doctor's ends a good deal better.

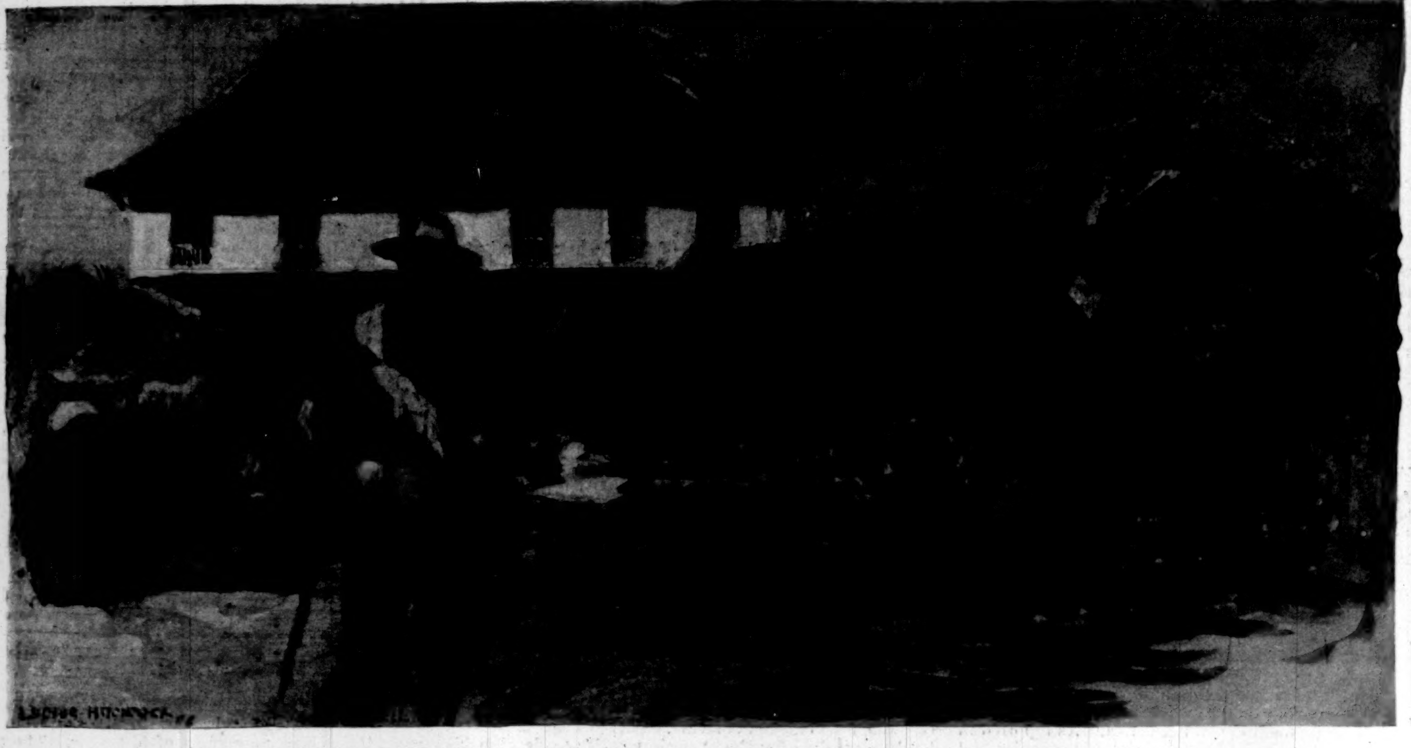
The fault found with baseball in New York is analogous to that found in Concord. The game is too good a game for the men who play it. It is a very sad thought that cricket may have to be substituted for it in New York as a police measure, and because the rowdyism that seems to be incident to it here has a bad effect on public morals.

The rumor that the President wants Senator Hoar to be ambassador to Great Britain is still in use in the newspapers, as is also the report that Senator Hoar insists upon staying at home. Let us hope he won't go. He is our bulwark against the persuasive forebodings of Professor Norton, and ought to feel a sacred obligation to stick to this continent at least as diligently as Dr. Norton does. No citizen of reasonable timidity wants to be alone in these times on the same continent with Dr. Norton, Mr. Garrison, and the *Evening Post*. It is Senator Hoar's duty to stay by us, and sustain us by such occasional reassurances as his conscience permits.

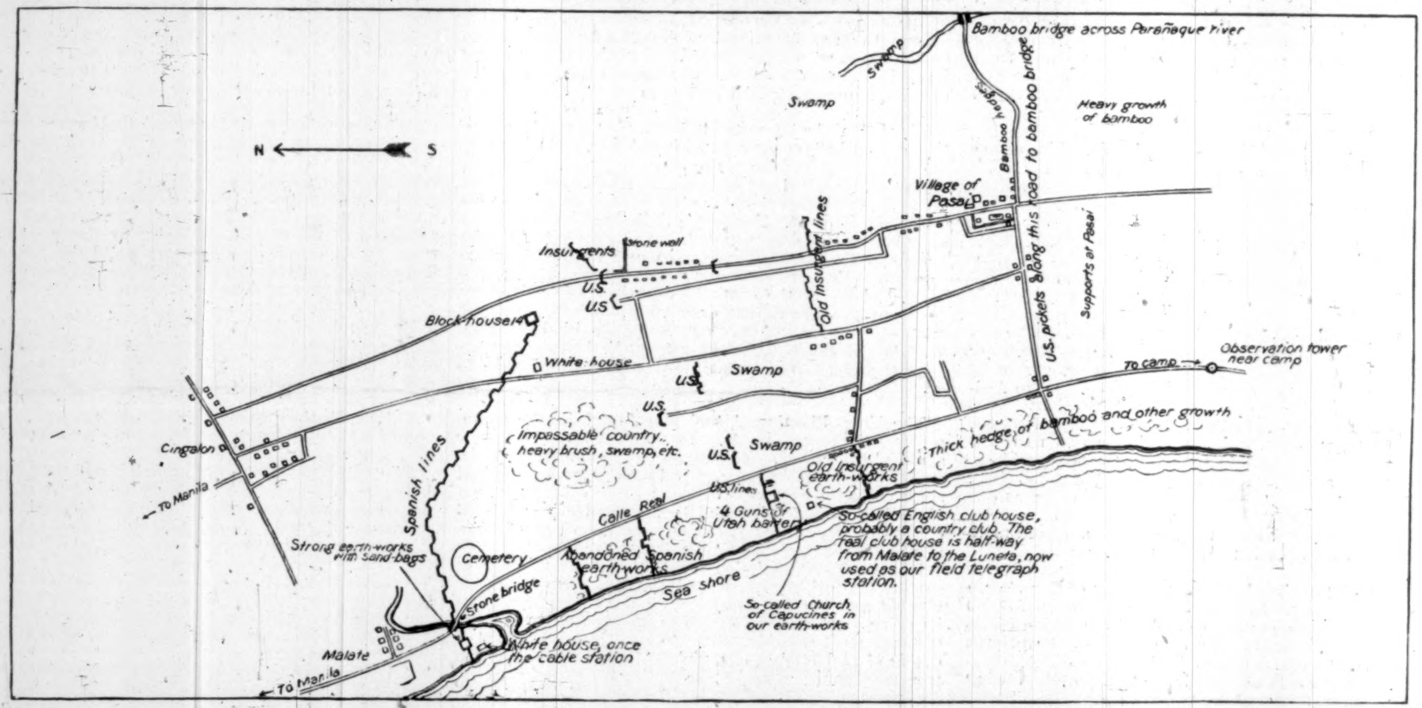
Besides, he wouldn't like being ambassador. That office would run him painfully in debt, upset all his habits, and compel him to give up a steady job which suits him and affords him means of support. Why not send a soldier to London this time? If General Wheeler were not in Congress, and indispensable there, he would make a delightful ambassador, provided the pay was doubled. Since he can't be spared, why not send General Wilson, who, besides possessing all sorts of other qualifications, is a Republican of influence and distinction? A man who undertakes to be American ambassador to Great Britain should have some remnants of youth about him, including an unimpaired liver, a few good stomachs, a lively interest in this world and all its concerns, and a taste for sport. It is true enough that Colonel Roosevelt has all these qualifications, but he is too young, whereas General Wilson is about the right age.

As for Secretary Long, to whom the vacant place is thought to have been last offered, it is hardly conceivable that he should care to fill it. He is too much like Senator Hoar in being cheerful and contented at home, and too well satisfied with his present sphere of usefulness to care to change.

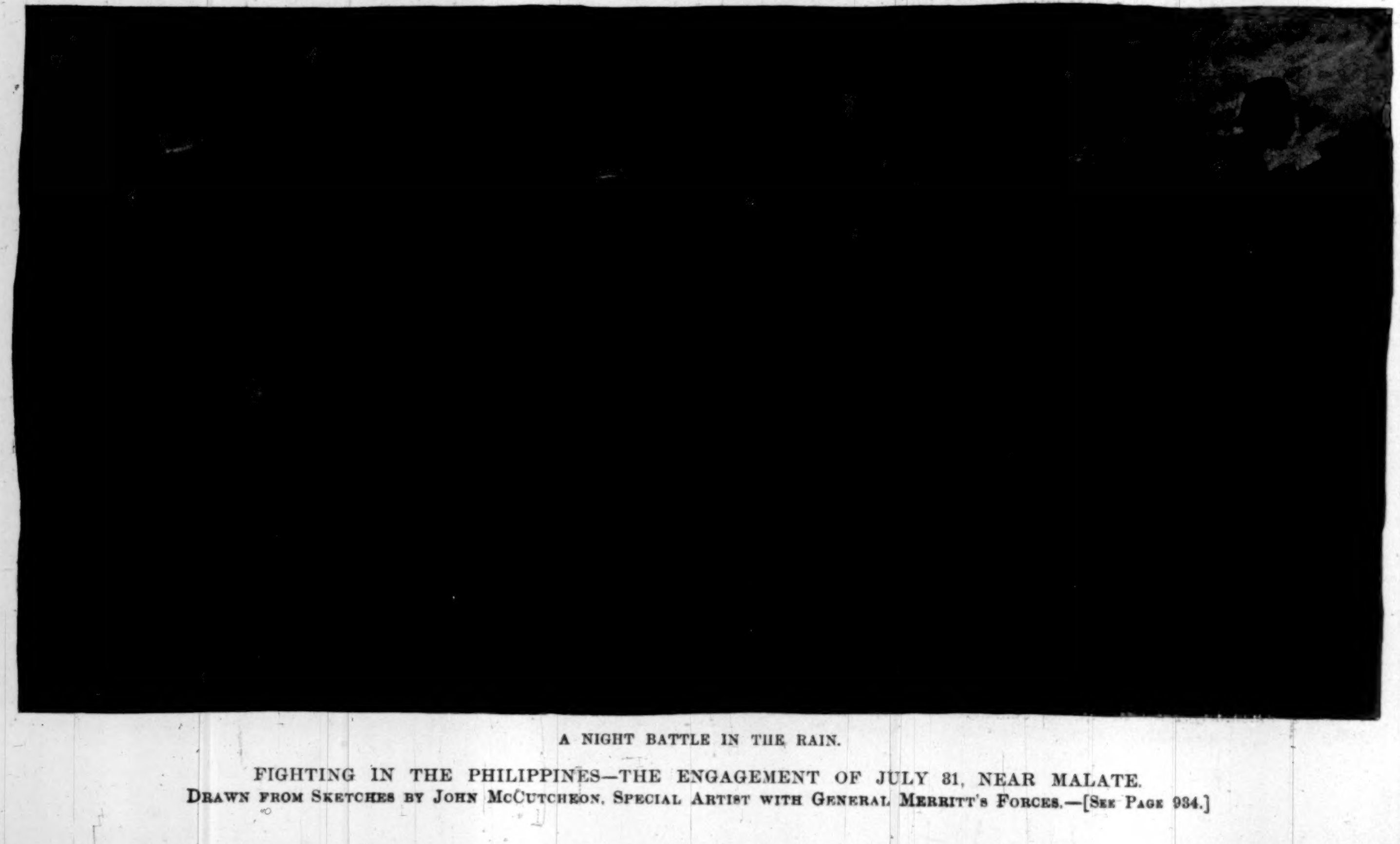
E. S. MARTIN.



WITH THE UTAH BATTERY THE DAY AFTER THE FIGHT—LOOKING DOWN THE TRENCH FROM NEAR THE ROAD.



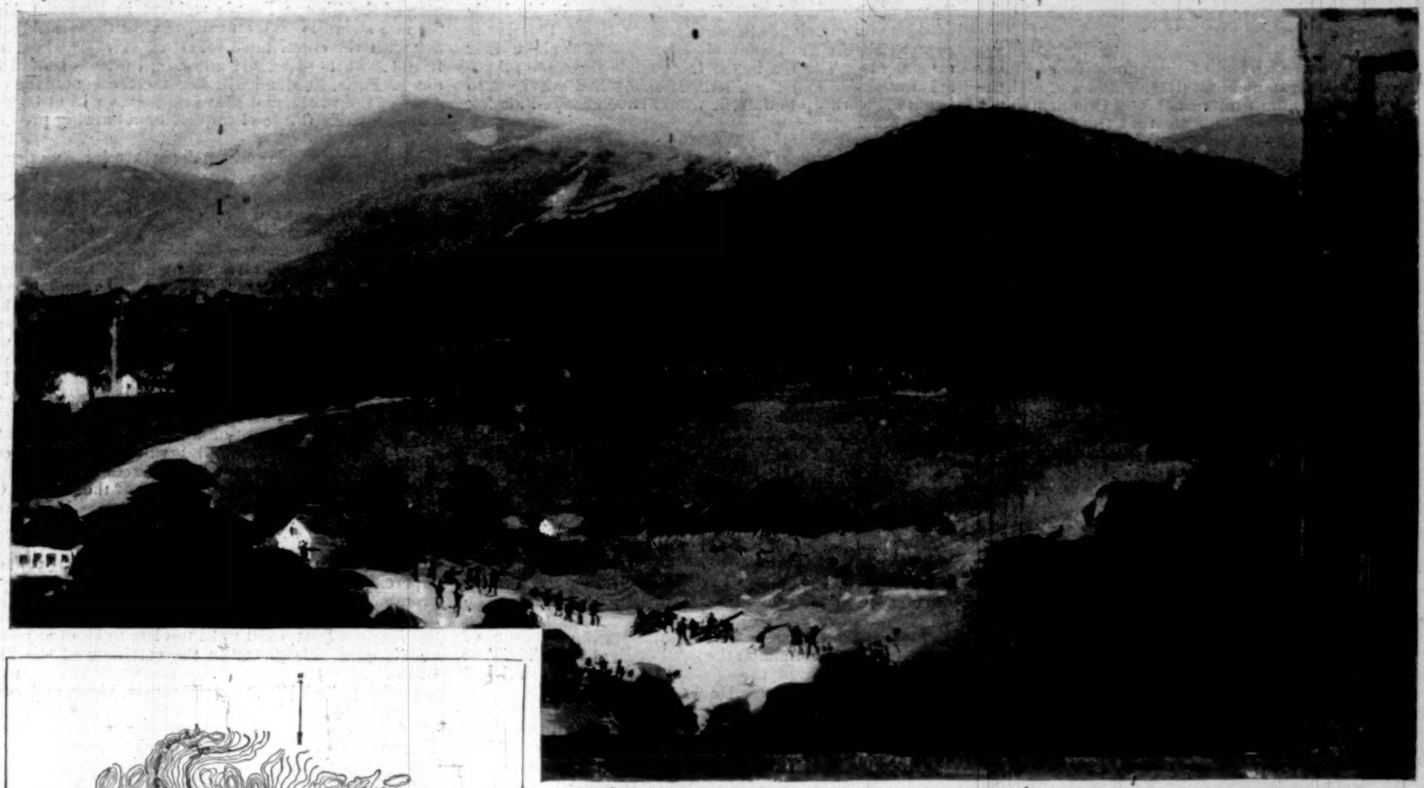
POSITIONS OF AMERICAN, SPANISH, AND INSURGENT FORCES.
From a Sketch-Map by F. D. Millet, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.



A NIGHT BATTLE IN THE RAIN.

FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES—THE ENGAGEMENT OF JULY 31, NEAR MALATE.
Drawn from Sketches by John McCutcheon, Special Artist with General Merritt's Forces.—[See Page 934.]

Explosion of first Dynamite-Shell. Sugar-Plantation to which Guerillas retreated. Main Spanish Force retreated along Road to right, pursued by 4th Ohio Vols.



General Hains and Staff. Dynamite-Guns. Skirmish-Line.

SKIRMISH NORTH OF GUAYAMA, AUGUST 8.

SKETCH MAP OF GUAYAMA AND VICINITY.

Illustrating Skirmishes of August 5, Ambuscade of Reconnaissance, August 8, and Plan of March, August 13, 1898.

A—Location of dynamite-guns relieving reconnaissance, August 8, also artillery position, August 13. B—Spanish block-houses commanding San Juan road (trenches below). C—Cut from which Spanish opened fire on entering, August 5. D—House from which Spanish fired when retreating on August 5. E—4th Ohio firing-lines August 5, after Spaniards had retreated. F—Position of flankers. August 5, when enemy opened fire. G—Reserve of 4th Ohio on road. H—3d Illinois held as reserve, August 5. I—Stone house reached by point of reconnoitring party when volleys were fired from B, August 8. J—Firing-line formed by Co. A, 4th Ohio, August 8. K—Sugar-plantation shelled August 5. L—Flank position taken by General Hains August 13 with 4th Ohio. M—Camp of artillery, August 6. N—Camp of 4th Pennsylvania, August 6.

THE ADVANCE TO SAN JUAN—GENERAL HAINS'S FLANK MOVEMENT, AUGUST 13—SCENE NEAR THE POINT WHERE THE GENERAL RECEIVED THE MESSAGE ANNOUNCING THE CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES.

WITH OUR TROOPS IN PUERTO RICO.

DRAWN BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK, FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUT. J. M. A. DARRACH, U.S.A., AND T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL MILES'S FORCES.—[SEE PAGE 942.]

LONDON.

September 3, 1898.

The quasi-papal encyclical of the young Tsar in favor of international disarmament fills the air, and although the public interest in the impending battle at Omdurman is a serious rival, the portents indicate that the Tsar's proposals to the powers will be followed by consequences of world-wide importance, though not perhaps those which were anticipated by the impulsive and peace-loving young Emperor. The bishops, the clergy, the labor leaders, peace-society secretaries, and the sentimentalists are beside themselves with joy at the noble words of the manifesto. If only words were things, chortling would not be premature. Most of the people whose opinions carry weight are still out of town, but in the city, in country houses and elsewhere, the general, though perhaps not the final, opinion of thoughtful and responsible people on this subject is not that of the bishops and clergy. The first and most obvious comment on the proposal for a diminution of national armaments is that Russia should begin. She has recently emerged from a series of international transactions any one of which would have led to war in former times, and justifies war to-day. She is still busily engaged in enterprises designed to injure and destroy the trade which is the life-blood of the English-speaking nations. In Abyssinia at the present time Russian emissaries are doing their utmost to excite the Emperor Menelek against English civilization on the Upper Nile. The withdrawal of the Russian mission from Abyssinia, the cessation of Russian intrigue in Persia, the retirement of Russian troops from the Pamirs, the suspension of the construction of the strategical line of railway now within eighty miles of Herat, and the substitution of respect for solemn international compacts, such as the Treaty of Tien-tsin, would be better evidence of the sincerity of the Russian government than the use of dovelike language. From the utterances of the clerical and visionary representatives of English public opinion it might be inferred that we were within measurable distance of the Second Advent. As a matter of fact, Englishmen smart under the lessons they have recently received from Russia. Her disinterested and steadfast repudiation of the sacred word of the Tsar, her contempt for international engagements and for the rights of other nations, are too recent to inspire confidence in John Bull's aged bosom. When Lord Salisbury endeavored to prevent dangerous complications in China by means of a self-denying ordinance to govern both Russia and England, the Slavs scornfully refused to adopt the only policy that automatically ensured peace. M. de Giers treated Lord Rosebery's protest against the fortification of Batoum with contemptuous silence. M. Ladygensky pledged the sacred word of the Tsar that under no circumstances would the Russian Empire directly or indirectly interfere with the internal affairs of Korea. The presence of M. Pavloff in that interesting peninsula illuminates with fierce light the filmy texture of a Russian promise. Russia has always posed as the advocate of humanity, and the strange emotionalism of the Slav nature constantly lends itself to enthusiastic support of misty generalities which Russians are not prepared to apply to their own persons and interests.

There is no reason to suppose that the young Tsar is insincere in his impulsive appeal to the powers to forget the lessons of Russian deeds and accept the counsels of Russian words. History suggests caution. In 1874 the rules of civilized warfare were revised and rendered more stringent at the instance of the Tsar Alexander II. The message read on that occasion by Baron Jomini to the delegates at Brussels declared that the object of his Majesty "is, above everything, an object of humanity," and included such phrases as the following: "It is to be hoped that the progress of enlightenment and of manners will render wars more and more rare. . . . No government would to-day undertake it lightly. . . . War cannot be the normal state of nations. . . . It is only a painful exception. . . . The rule is pacific relations which soften the manners by uniting the interests of nations." The convention was signed. Russia's humanitarian aspirations were satisfied on paper. But a few months later she was massacring the Yomud Turcomans, the Russian commanders having instructions to spare neither age nor sex. The reason for the massacre was that the Turcomans could not raise 300,000 rubles within a fortnight. Baron Jomini's phrases did not apply to the Turcomans. Since then Russia has reduced six millions of her Jewish population to the extremity of misery and despair. As I write these lines the British government is allowing Cyprus to be used as a sanctuary and an asylum for the Russian Doukhobortsi, a sect of blameless and humane people, whose crime is that they resemble in their hatred of war the followers of the founder of Pennsylvania. The Tsar admits that the armaments of Europe are defensive, and that the outlay he stigmatizes as frightful arises from a sense of self-preservation. Where is the aggressor? What nation is the notorious cause of Europe being an armed camp? America is not the malcontent. Her army is insufficient to police her possessions beyond the sea. Her navy is unequal to the requirements of an imperial power. England is not the firebrand. The real charge against John Bull is that he is too indolent and obese to stir on his own behalf. Germany covets no territory in Europe belonging to her neighbors. To Austria war could only spell ruin. Spain has had as much fighting as she can digest for some time to come. Turkey only asks to be let alone. Italy is more intent on the demands of her creditors than on the extension of frontiers which are delimited by nature. Only two powers remain. One ruled by the Tsar "peace-maker" with an army which on a peace footing numbers over a million of men, and a navy avowedly aggressive. Without colonies, vulnerable coast-line, or over-sea trade, Russian sea power is incompatible with her professions of peace. With this navy and this army Russia not only violates treaties, but makes treaties to violate them. Russia has imposed on England the burden of her own militarism by compelling us to add tens of millions of pounds to our annual expenditure in order to provide force to repel the attacks of a power whose international conduct places her on the circumference, if not outside, of the circle of civilization. Russia has encouraged France in her dream of reconquest. Russia came to an agreement with Austria regarding the condition of the small states in the Balkan Peninsula, and broke her pledge before the ink was dry. The last public act of this peace-loving Russia was to send ship-loads of rifles and cartridges to the Montenegrins. This is the power that invites the nations of the world to abate their armaments. The fox in the fable made the same proposals to the lion and the tiger. If Æsop had survived to bring his work up to date, he would have changed his fox into a bear.

Nobody threatens Russia. She is safe in Europe behind the guns and torpedoes of Cronstadt and the Black Sea. Russia can therefore begin the game of disarmament, and the question of her sincerity will thus be put to the touch without delay. The young Emperor is an amiable and kindly man, overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility, and surrounded by a ring of astute and determined advisers who are not publicly known to have accepted the Sermon on the Mount as their practical guide in life. Lacking decision of character, and being in poor health, the Tsar is at the mercy of his advisers, who quarrel among themselves with a vigor that would do no discredit to countries blessed with constitutional systems of government. When the advice given him is good, the Tsar's policy is creditable. The advice of M. Goremykine, the Minister of the Interior, an enlightened and capable statesman, as a rule reflects credit on the sovereign and his government. When the advice received is evil, as in the case of foreign affairs, the results are evil. Count Muravieff is brilliant, but superficial. No far-sighted diplomatist could have made such a needless exhibition of Russian perfidy as Count Muravieff and his agents have done since he succeeded Prince Lobanoff. Prince Ouchtomsky, a private friend and adviser of the Tsar, and his travelling companion in India and the Far East, is a bitter Anglophobe, and, according to his own written statements, is intent on building the structure of Russian power in Asia on the ruins of England. The Tsar has chosen to accept the advice of Count Muravieff and of Prince Ouchtomsky. He will reap what he has sown. England is not at heart with Lord Salisbury. The rescript, so far as it is not the result of the Tsaritsa's good heart, is doubtless due to M. Witte's representations as to the incapacity of Russian finances to support the strain involved by Count Muravieff's foreign policy. The manifesto, therefore, however Christ-like in its language, is Machiavelian in fact; it appears at an opportune moment for Russia. The perennial famine is even worse this year than usual. The peasantry will need help. The attempt to plant a gold standard on an agricultural country already shakes the structure of Russian credit to its foundations. War with a first-class power during the next five years might easily expose the divine figure of the North with theatrical results. Its hands may be of iron and its forehead brass, but the feet are of clay. After a full meal in China a period of repose is opportune. Russia is as one who says grace over stolen mutton. The pious of all lands burn with admiration and approval of the grace. They forget the origin of the mutton. I believe the reason of this to be our indifference as a nation to the teaching of history. In Germany and America the subject is considered of the first importance. No pains are spared to make its teaching vital and interesting. In France and Switzerland it is treated with considerable respect. Children receiving elementary education at the hands of the state in other countries are taught the story of their own country, its great men, its constitution, and its relation to other powers. Not so England. From top to bottom the ignorance of history is colossal, appalling, and dangerous.

The unnatural alliance between France and Russia has received a shrewd blow. When quarrelsome nations fall out, peaceful nations breathe freely. One of the most momentous effects of the Tsar's rescript will be that if Russia fights England, it will be single-handed. Frenchmen are proverbially unwilling to "work for the King of Prussia"; and, on the other hand, Russia, with her new-born profession of peace, has no stomach for disputes not of her own making. France is ruled by her army. Rules of evidence, constitutional law, and republican theories are set aside to maintain the fiction that French generals are infallible. It is already evident that the real rulers of France are suspicious of their august ally. France is unwilling to accept her defeat by Germany and the loss of her provinces. In the hope of recovering them she has already spent since 1871 five thousand million dollars on her army. Half that sum has been left for posterity to pay. It is not, therefore, in human nature to expect that the French army, at the bidding of the amiable occupant of the Russian throne, should draw a sponge across the slate, and, for the love of his beautiful eyes, ignore all the sacrifices she has made, and start anew on the basis of definitely abandoning Alsace-Lorraine to Germany.

The more immediate effect, therefore, of the Tsar's proposals will be to disintegrate Franco-Russian solidarity, and by the year 1900, if the French are true to their historic character, the Russian Emperor is well in the running for a prize given to the most unpopular man in Paris. It is an unfortunate feature of proposals for disarmament that they are not seldom followed by a bloody war. Some good judges, whose opinions do not reach the newspapers, regard the rescript in this light.

The dramatic arrest and suicide of Colonel Henry of the French staff as the self-convicted forger of a document held by M. Cavaignac, the French Minister of War, to constitute justificatory evidence against Dreyfus, is likely to have consequences that will still further affect the Franco-Russian alliance. The persecution of the Jews in France was partly mere mimicry of Russia. The Jews of France, however, are enormously powerful. Although one-eight-hundredth of the population, one-quarter of the wealth of the country is alleged to be possessed by them. The growing anti-Semitism of Europe is perhaps more remarkable in France than in any other country, because Napoleon, early in the century, inspired by the principles of the Revolution, accorded to the Jews equality and freedom denied by other powers altogether, and by England until 1836. The resignation of General Boisdeffre, the French Chief of Staff, will be regarded by an ignorant and prejudiced public as a surrender to the Hebrew race. The passions already excited—not altogether, I am bound to say, without cause—will become more inflamed, and a repetition of the events which followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes is by no means impossible in the case of the Chosen People resident in France. Alr
fire and sword have been used against them in Alger
not with the connivance of, at all events without c
from the authorities. If anti-Semitic riots should b
out in Paris, England will become the sanctuary o
Jews of the world, and grave questions will at once
that will make the Jewish question a burning proble

Mr. Chamberlain's sudden departure for America g
a well-earned holiday and rest to the one statesman
under circumstances of incredible difficulty, has u
the name and honor of England with signal success.
day the news comes that the French have actually ev
ated Boussa, and that the British flag has been hoiste
what is, and has been during the whole of the French o
pation, British territory. The quidnuncs and scribe
never weary of girding at Mr. Chamberlain for wha
says and for what he leaves unsaid. The Secretary
the Colonies knows his own mind, and unless I am wh
mistaken I believe he more truly represents the spirit
the ideals of the British race than any member of Pa
ment in or out of office. He alone has succeeded w
others have failed. Amidst circumstances of comple
and difficulty undreamt-of by those entirely outside
secret history of affairs, he has ruled the colonial em
of the Queen with a sympathy, firmness, and tact that
sent a vivid contrast to the methods of the Foreign Of
The organization of the two departments is eloquen
the difference between Mr. Chamberlain and Lord S
bury. As successive American ambassadors and thei
tachés could tell, if they were at liberty to speak, de
superciliousness, incivility, and red tape are the
prominent characteristics of the men of family who
the diplomatic machine. Letters remain unanswered
terviews are postponed until too late to be of any serv
and ignorance is power in the corridors of the For
Office.

In the Colonial Office, promptness, vigor, and cour
are met with by every one. No pains are spared in get
at the facts. Information is sought from unofficial sour
Business methods pervade the establishment. Letters
ceive prompt reply. What Mr. Chamberlain has done
the colonies he is capable of doing with foreign count
He is not to be bluffed. When he sups with any one
is capable of using the long spoon, when his society
quires that implement, and he may be relied upon to
it effectively. But there is no one in public affairs
has a more profound conviction as to the desirability
peace than Mr. Chamberlain himself. Loyal to his
leagues, not one word has escaped him which would
dicate dissatisfaction with the management of public
fairs outside his own department. He is a reserve f
to be reckoned with, and has enhanced a reputation w
now overshadows the rest of the ministry. He is a
sonality, and the country is wearied of gelatinous treach
to imperial interests.

Colonel Hay's departure from England cannot be
lowed to pass without comment. He leaves us to help
country in facing questions more intricate and comp
than those of war. With Colonel Hay as Secretary
State, America will be able to face them with confide
and courage, and with the certainty that the high stand
by which she has been guided through the whole strug
will be maintained. Colonel Hay has made an extrao
nary impression during his brief sojourn here. He
talked well, and not talked too much. Distinctively Am
ican, he has not sought to appear more English than
English. That his patience and temper must have b
tried by the officials with whom he was in contact at
Foreign Office goes without saying, and it is to be ho
that Colonel Hay's insight into the working of that w
derful institution will enable him, as Secretary of St
to bring indirect pressure upon our nation to introd
more democratic, efficient, and rational methods into
conduct of our foreign policy. Colonel Hay's connect
with Mr. Lincoln touches the imagination of the peop
for he represents the highest, the best traditions of Am
ican public life, and has made an impression that will
easily be forgotten. It is rather hard on the gentlem
in charge of the American Embassy here that so much
his time should be devoted to meeting the demands of
travelling countrymen for social and other privileg
The American ambassador is probably the most har
worked member of the diplomatic corps, but, in additi
to his professional duties, large numbers of his compat
ots on tour seem to regard him as a sort of advance-ag
for the purpose of effecting their entry into court or soc
life. The hand-shaking to which the President of
United States was until recently subjected finds its par
lel in the duties imposed on the American ambassa
here by eager but somewhat inconsiderate compatriots.

Arnold White.

THE STAY-AT-HOME'S RESOLVE.

I'm going to buy a sailor suit, with *Texas* on the cap
And I shall be set up for life, no matter what may h
For it is quite the fashion now to take our men-of-w
And give 'em gratis everything they choose to ask
for.

They ride upon the cable-cars, and don't pay any fa
They ride upon the whirling "L" as freely as the ai
They go into the theatres, and get the finest seats
At just the same expense as when some other fell
treats.

They hie them to the cooling coast, unto the
hotels,
And get the best attention from the lowly and
swells;
And when they ask the landlord for his bill, the fell
twirls
And says, "There's not a cent to pay; come out a
kiss the girls!"

I'm mighty glad that this is so: 'tis just as it shou
be.
I rather wish, however, that these things would co
to me,
And, though I staid at home, while they plung
deep into the row,
I'm going to buy a sailor suit, and try it, anyhow.

J. K. B.

THE DRAMA.

THE opening of the dramatic season in New York has shown the fulfilment, or half-fulfilment, of one of the promises, or half-promises, of the war. We have been led to expect, as a result of the late conflict, that our consciousness of national individuality and power would leap forth rejuvenated; and the students of literary history never question that when the consciousness of national individuality and power leaps forth rejuvenated it instinctively seeks expression in the arts. England fought and conquered the Spanish Armada, and the era of Elizabeth followed. We have fought and conquered two Spanish armadas; should we not also by rights have a Shakspere or two? Our sailors and soldiers are already on the lookout for the bard to celebrate their prowess, and if they find one Shakspere it is a fair wager that they will see two of him. Truly the war has not left us where it found us; the theatres of Broadway and the Bowery are so lively with furloughs and shore leave that one rubs his eyes at the uniforms, wondering whether, after all, he has not been transported to London or Paris or Berlin. It may be incidentally mentioned that the general atmosphere our men brought back from Santiago beat everything in the way of heat and humidity that was ever known in the opening week of the theatrical season. The entire dramatic world suffered from a Spanish fly.

A Spanish Fly for the Theatre.

I.

Unmellow Drama.

The most obvious bid for patriotic patronage was "The Maine Avenged," at the Star. For seventy-five cents or less one could see the *Maine* blown up. One could see, in fact, the man who pressed the button, and the button the man pressed, to say nothing of four acts teeming with instances of Yankee prowess, Cuban patriotism, and Spanish cowardice. Incidentally one was told, without extra charge, that all this talk against the spirit of revenge is Thomas Decay. "What is patriotism," the lecturer shouts, "but the refinement of revenge? And revenge, but the quintessence of patriotism?" It was the *ante bellum* cry of the yellow journal done into dramatic form. Of course the scare-heads evoked response from the gallery; but the response was that of connoisseurs bent on showing that they knew what to approve. The same sort of applause was once won by an actor who wagered that he could stop a play for thirty seconds at any part of any act by shouting, "Kill me, but spare my life!" The absence of any genuine feeling in the audience was worth an evening to witness. To succeed to-day a melodrama of the war should be filled with Spanish bravery and American chivalry. Capital leading figures might be made of Admiral Cervera, and of Pedro Lopez de Castillo, the private of infantry who wrote a letter on behalf of 11,000 Spanish soldiers to say they liked the way the Yankees had treated them. The less said about the Cubans the better. I do not mean to say that such a melodrama would be more truthful, though perhaps it would. The point is that the playwrights who are responsible for "The Maine Avenged" have suffered financially from the cynicism that made them write down too low to their audiences. The people may need to have their emotional diet served out in scoop-shovels, but to awaken any real response some small percentage of the sentiment must be manly and honest.

A more interesting melodrama on a current topic is "Devil's Island," produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which has to do with the Dreyfus incident. The sentiment here, though always laid on with a trowel, occasionally rings true. When the very wicked Russian countess tries to seduce the hero (Dreyfus), he exclaims: "I have a wife. Beside her all other women are as shadows!" And the countess herself, though sufficiently mercenary, shouts, "Gold is good, but love is better!" The applause that greeted these sentiments was a tempest compared with the applause at "The Maine Avenged," and the poor critics who were obliged to go to the play could at least laugh with a free heart. The signal feature of the play is that the prisoner of Devil's Island is rescued by one Maxwell, the Paris correspondent of the New York *Whirlwind*. This Maxwell has a manner of patronizing the dignitaries of Europe which is worthy of Mr. R. H. Davis's correspondent, Gordon, in the *King's Jackal*; and his patriotism is no less pronounced. "Something tells me in my heart," he exclaims, "that justice will yet find refuge, and wrong be righted, beneath the stars and stripes!" Yet even with such admirably popular sentiments, there is an occasional false note. After witnessing the degradation and banishment of her husband Madame Dreyfus falls in a swoon and sees visions—skilfully flashed on a curtain by means of a magic lantern—of herself appealing for justice to the powers of the world. The Queen-Regent of Spain and the Pope, who sit enthroned before their national flags, receive her coldly, and were roundly jeered by the gallery; but when Queen Victoria was shown sitting before the British flag the picture was greeted not with similar reprobation, as was plainly intended, but with rapturous applause. The final picture of President McKinley and his cabinet righting the wrong beneath the American flag came in almost as a second fiddle. The quick comedians of Fourteenth Street have apparently not yet grasped the fact that Great Britain has become a part of our larger ego. Nothing would be more desirable, politically or artistically, than a really excellent patriotic melodrama; and nothing, apparently, would prove a greater commercial success. The sole deficiency, it would seem, is a playwright who can study to please the popular heart intelligently and without cynicism or pessimism.

II.

Musical Tragedy.

That we have been given no musical comedy inspired by the war is inherent in the nature of things. No opera-bouffe could be as deliciously funny as every passage of the late conflict with which the Spaniards were mixed up. Librettists should be bold—should be very bold—but their good sense or the destinies have saved them from being too bold. Judging from the musical plays that have been produced, their saving grace has been the destinies that, according to Touchstone, are responsible for the actions of nature's natural. It would be hard to fancy a more obvious and threadbare book than that of Seymour Hicks and Harry Nichols's "A Runaway Girl," at Daly's. It resembles "The Gayety Girl" and "The Circus Girl" as closely in its general scheme as in its title. The various parts in all three were tailor-made in London to suit the pronounced idiosyncrasies of a certain company of actors. Any other company attempting the play must inevitably wear something the air of a misfit-clothing shop.

Despite all this, I beg to be allowed to recommend "A Runaway Girl." The costumes and scenery, copied after those used in London, are pretty, and in excellent taste. The company is as adequate as could be expected, and at least one member of it, Mr. James Powers, has the gift of individual and spontaneous expression. The fact remains that any one who looks at the book seriously as a work of art will meet with tragic disappointment; but perhaps it is fitting that any one who insists on looking seriously at a musical comedy should find a tragedy.

III.

American Farces.

The fact that the two most interesting farces of the season's opening are by Americans is doubtless due to a lucky accident, though superficial references to our new political era are so common in all new plays that it would be easy for a theorist to persuade himself to the contrary. In Hoyt's "A Day and a Night," at the Garrick, for instance, *John Bull* and *Brother Jonathan* amble arm and arm through the piece, and disburden themselves, by jest and innuendo, of much political wisdom. *Jonathan* refuses to sit on *John Bull's* knee until he makes sure there is no tack on it; and he flees his company outright when it transpires that he is to be required to do the Englishman's fighting. The main idea of the play is not particularly fresh. A young man, brought up in the godly atmosphere of a New Jersey town, and prominent in the local church, comes to New York to engage a new choir, and is introduced to the actresses of a musical company. The perpetrator of this jest is the young man's father, a retired naval officer, who, on his return home from the Pacific Station, finds his son altogether too sanctimonious. As the young man becomes more intimate with the actresses, it transpires, to the father's delight, that he knows a thing or two, and is pretty successful in remembering both of them. Mr. Otis Harlan conceives the part of the sanctimonious son with great humor, and acts it with uncommon repose. Mr. William Devere plays the part of the jovial father with a presence and reserve worthy of legitimate art. It need scarcely be said that the situations are risky; but for the most part they are treated with such delightful frankness that they need not offend any man of healthy temperament—women are a law unto themselves in such matters. The appeal is to the eternal appetite for japes, which few normal beings can resist. To any one who has lived to deplore the noxious suggestions of what usually passes for farce, this is enough to commend the play; but it is coupled with a positive grace of treatment. Time and again the audience tremble on the verge of an indecency of the kind that is fast becoming conventional; and almost without fail, by a clever artistic turn—an appeal to the sanity of human nature—the dénouement is clean and wholesome. A certain episode concerning a garter is a masterpiece of joyous nonsense at the expense of an expectant audience. Thus much might be said of many of Mr. Hoyt's farces. What gives quality to the present one is that he has refined the methods that have made his previous successes, and has produced a series of consistent and well-ordered scenes. Within the lines of farce the incidents are constructively worked out, and for the most part one feels that he is face to face with real American men and women in a way that he is not permitted to do even in most of our attempts at comedy. Sad to relate, the play closes with a scene in which, in a succession of tedious speeches, the son and the father join hands to hoodwink the mother. More skilful construction would have avoided ending a play with explanations; and the best that can be said of the spirit of the scene is that it is stupidly conventional. If it is not this, it is blackguardly.

The artistic evil of such a convention is best illustrated in Mr. William Gillette's farce, "Too Much Johnson," with which he opened his season at the Empire. As all theatre-goers will recall, the hero of this farce constructs a series of gigantic lies, extending from Yonkers on the Hudson to Santiago de Cuba, and executes them with that colossal nerve and repose known only to Mr. Gillette. So far so good; but the purpose of these lies is to cover the hero's faithlessness to a young and unobjectionable wife, and to save him from the just wrath of a wronged husband. The play ends triumphantly with the defeat of the wronged wife and the wronged husband. In such a play the natural instincts suffer in proportion as one is carried on by the humor of the situation, and the limit of delight is the limit not of the capacity for legitimate enjoyment, but of one's callousness of heart. The value of a more wholesome convention is best seen perhaps in "Les Fourberies de Scapin." Molière's impostor has no more conscience than Mr. Hoyt's or Mr. Gillette's, and his impostures are no less bold and surprising; but the poet is careful to let nothing happen that could offend the tenderest heart, or stand in the way of a natural delight in the cleverness of *Scapin's* knaveries.

The distinction is worth bearing in mind in considering Mr. Augustus Thomas's farce, "The Meddler," which, first produced in San Francisco under the title of "Don't Tell His Wife," is running a doubtful course at Wallack's. This also is a farce of lies, but note the difference in the point of departure. A young married woman is suffering in reputation, if not in virtue, from the attentions of a society idler, and the Meddler, a boyhood friend of the husband's, decides that it is his duty to interfere. He has some rather manly and very sincere conversation with other friends of the invaded household, during which they discuss the very trying question of whether it is ever defensible to give a husband a kind word of warning. The other friends applaud the sincerity of his motives, but are deterred by the conventional prejudice against tale-bearing. The Meddler, carried on by his loyalty, undertakes to interfere. Unfortunately his wisdom and courage are not equal to his goodness of heart. Instead of speaking to the husband, he addresses the wife. In the course of the scene that ensues the husband appears, grasps a part of the situation, but is led to believe that the invader of his household is the Meddler himself. The same weakness and irresolution that led the Meddler to speak first to the wife prevent him now from coming out with the truth, and he is launched on a course of evasions and lies that in the end involves every friend of the household. The prime motive here is honest, and the complications it involves are no more laughable than they are pathetic. Mr. Thomas has grasped a live and fresh situation from the world we all see about us, and has treated it in a truly comic vein. An instance of his skill is the fact that he does not allow it to transpire that the wife is innocent until we have come into sympathy with the Meddler's motives; and by so doing he gains one item of confusion with which to confound his luckless hero in the last act. There is material in this farce for a play of high quality—a play worth a thousand and one nights of the farce of commerce. Unfortunately it is rendered unstageworthy by a critical error in construction. After two acts that fairly carry one out of himself, the vital motive is lost in a mesh of inconsequent complications. With a view to simplify and strengthen the last act a number of alterations have been made, and upon the success of these the fate of the play will probably depend. The company is adequate, and Mr. Robson, who plays the part of the Meddler, is much more than adequate. He has succeeded in sinking his mannerisms, and has achieved firm grasp on a difficult part. Whatever the fate of the play, Mr. Thomas is to be congratulated for the truth and sincerity of his attitude toward his art.

Not the least pleasant feature of the Meddler is the fact that the chivalry and kindliness of his motives have as strong a flavor of Americanism as the wholesomeness and extravagance of Mr. Hoyt's humor. If these appear a small residuum for all our patriotic emotions of the past year, it is well to remember that the years before us are many, and that the most difficult step toward true artistic expression, namely, the first one, has long been made. It is really not too much to hope that the expansion of our political horizon will in the end widen and deepen our interest, and give literary expression to our national traits and ideals.

IV.

The most successful play of the season, one is reluctantly forced to admit, comes from London. In "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which has been given in most of the leading cities of the country, and is now produced at the Lyceum, Mr. Anthony Hope has given us a drama of unusual charm, one that inevitably calls for comparison with the masters. In the acting Mrs. Virginia Harned Sothern is to be seen at her best; and though Mr. Sothern's part is not strong, it is admirably suited to his quality. The staging too is of the best. Altogether it is worthy of a second and a third hearing, and of a more extended notice than will be possible until next week.

JOHN CORBIN.

SIGNALLING THE PEACE MESSAGE FROM GENERAL BROOKE'S POSITION, AUGUST 13.

A DRAMATIC INTERRUPTION.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

GUAYAMA, PUERTO RICO, *August 20, 1898*.

THE drawing I send you [see pages 940, 941] is a correct representation of what may truthfully be said to be the most dramatic situation of the war. With a firing-line formed and the artillery unlimbered, the peace message from the President arrived.

"But three minutes and we should have fired," was the only comment of General Brooke.

Orders were given on the evening of August 12 for the brigade of General Hains, three batteries of artillery, City Troop of Philadelphia, and Troop H of the Sixth Regular Cavalry, to be in marching order at 6 A.M. for the advance upon San Juan. The morning was warm, but a cool, steady breeze afforded relief from the hot sun's rays. At eight o'clock the troops commenced forming from the by-streets, and we were soon led out of the city, with General Brooke at the head. The streets and balconies were crowded with natives, some cheering, and some anxiously inquiring if we intended to leave them to the Spaniards' mercy.

General Hains, with the Fourth Ohio, was sent to flank the enemy's position on the left, while the cavalry were to perform a similar movement on the right.

General Brooke showed much courage, leading the advance in person. Most of the distance he was afoot, his staff and horses halting at various distances along the road. When he reached the point on the Cayey road where a battalion of Ohio troops came so near being annihilated a few days ago, he carefully swept the distant hills with a pair of field-glasses for some time. The troops were soon ordered forward, and clambering up the steep slope, were formed into a firing-line. The batteries followed. Battery B of Pennsylvania, having the right of line, was the first

Major Rodney. Battery B of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

THE DRAMATIC ENDING OF T

DELIVERY OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE OF PEACE TO GENERAL

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HAR

Lieut. McLaughlin, Signal Corps. Major Dean. General Brooke. Lieut.-Col. Goethals. Lieut.-Col. Glassford.

...F THE WAR IN PUERTO RICO.

...ERAL BROOKE ON AUGUST 13 AS HE WAS ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE.

... "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES.—[SEE PAGE 939.]

to commence unlimbering. The guns were soon in place, their targets were marked, and the range calculated.

Below us stretched the beautiful valley, making a blue perspective, and in the hazy distance between the two mountain ranges could be seen the sea. Natives hurrying from the hills dotted the roads through the valley, some with their belongings piled in ox-carts. Colonel Glassford's signal corps was industriously erecting telegraph wires many feet below us, but keeping abreast with our advancing lines, and the "wigwaggers" were swinging their strange signals from every hill-top. The cavalry had now disappeared around the hills, and General Hains, who was some six miles to our left, and about three miles from the enemy's position, was advancing in single file over a steep and rugged mountain path.

The Spanish position could be plainly noted, and through the glass many white figures could be seen going to and from a house to the intrenchments, with their arms full of something indistinguishable. Their position was well placed, requiring the American troops to pass them on both sides of the mountains. At numerous points on the road bridges had been destroyed. None of them was of any great length, but they were of considerable height, forming passages over glenlike mountain streams. The deep rumbling of the moving artillery was all that broke the silence, even orders being issued in a subdued voice. Every line of the men's faces was marked with eagerness, and they went about their work with the ardor only born in real fighters.

Amid such surroundings a mounted officer, closely followed by his orderly on a mule, appeared around the bend, lashing his tired horse through the battery.

"An important message, sir," said Lieutenant McLaughlin.

General Brooke read the message handed him. Passing the document to one of his officers, he quietly turned, ordering the guns limbered up, and that the troops return to Guayama. The contents of the message were soon passed along the line, and we all beat a much undesired retreat. Not a comment was heard for some time, so stupefied were the soldiers. We re-entered the city with a crestfallen air.

T. DART WALKER.

GENERAL BROOKE STUDYING THE ENEMY'S POSITION FROM THE EXTREME FRONT, AUGUST 13.

THE PUERTO RICO CAMPAIGN.

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE OPERATIONS AND SKIRMISHES ABOUT GUAYAMA, PUERTO RICO, OCCURRING ON THE 5TH, 8TH, AND 13TH OF AUGUST, 1898.

GUAYAMA, PUERTO RICO, *August 20, 1898.*

THE 1st of August saw the landing of General Brooke and staff at Arroyo, on the southern coast, some thirty miles east of Ponce. During the next few days General Hains and his brigade arrived on board the transports *Seneca* and *City of Washington*, accompanied by the auxiliary cruiser *St. Paul*. The landing of the troops was uneventful, save for the throwing of a few shells from the *St. Louis* and *Cincinnati* as a warning to some guerillas lurking about the outskirts. Headquarters were established, and on August 4 Brigadier-General Hains received orders to proceed to the town of Guayama with two regiments of his brigade. With the exception of the lack of transportation, which was finally effected by means of native ox-carts, the troops were ready to move. In spite of difficulties, General Hains left Arroyo at half after eight on the morning of the 5th of August, the Fourth Ohio supplying the advance-guard, while the Third Illinois brought up the rear; the Fourth Pennsylvania was left at Arroyo as a temporary garrison.

It was reported that Guayama, some five miles distant, was extremely Spanish in sentiment, and that the enemy's troops had gathered there in considerable force. Information in regard to the roads was sadly lacking, and but few trustworthy interpreters could be found. One negro, having previously been an inhabitant of St. Thomas, was pressed into service, and was taken as guide.

About 9.45 a road was reached leading to the right. The information as to its destination being uncertain, it was thought best to leave the Third Illinois at that point as a reserve. This was done, and the Fourth Ohio proceeded along the main road, having thrown out flankers to the right and left, and covering a mile of front, including both wings. In this formation the advance was made, the main column following along on the road some four hundred yards to the rear. The general and his aides a few hundred yards in rear of the point and in advance of the column.

The day was favorable in regard to weather, a slight breeze cooling the air and tempering the heat of the sun. A peculiar dazzling haze covered the hills with a bluish tint or veil, which made distances uncertain to the eye, and which also blended the blue of the uniforms with the shadows of the undergrowth, so that our flankers were scarcely distinguishable at a distance of four or five hundred yards. General Hains, with four of his staff, had proceeded in advance of the column, which had just halted, owing to the difficulties met by the flankers in pushing forward through the brush, and at a point distant about two miles from Guayama the first sign of the enemy's presence was noticed; a peculiar, sharply singing "pstwing" was heard tearing its way over our heads, being a sound in which force and velocity were so delicately compounded as to seem one and inseparable. An aide called attention to the telegraph wire, which had sagged to the road-side, and insisted that it had been cut; but the discussion was soon ended by the arrival of many more leaden messages bearing the same meaning. The right and left flankers, composed of the Fourth Ohio, were re-enforced and became the firing-line, and the skirmish had begun. The men in column on the road were drawing most of the fire, and two of them had been wounded at the first fire. The rest began to tear down the barbed-wire fences beside the road, sought convenient cover, and awaited orders. The range of the enemy's fire was evidently a long one, as many of the bullets lay spent at our feet, and the report of the Mausers was not heard until after the song of the bullet. No smoke or flash could be seen in any direction, and it was some time before the enemy's exact position could be ascertained. Most of the firing seemed to come from a cut in the road some distance ahead, and aides were sent to the firing-lines with instructions to that effect. The enemy's fire was quite steady, evidently coming from sharp-shooters and guerillas, as no volley-firing could be distinguished. Our firing-line gradually advanced, wheeling slowly to the north, until it finally closed in about the southern end of the town, the entire movement occupying two hours. At this point the enemy's fire ceased, and the Fourth Ohio advanced cautiously into the town. A few stray shots were fired upon the troops from the houses and roofs, but they pushed out to the main square or plaza. Here many of the natives rushed forward, throwing their arms about our horses, hugging the soldiers, and shouting "Vivan Americanos" and "Puerto Rico Americano." The flag was raised above the city hall, and amid the cheering came the shout, "The Spaniards are coming back," accompanied by the singing of some score of bullets. Confusion and disorganization seemed imminent; but in a twinkling the general, with four companies of the Fourth Ohio, was at the northern end of the town, from which place the fire seemed to be coming. Here two firing-lines were formed, one facing the north, the other following the direction some Spaniards were taking who were seen escaping to a near-by sugar-plantation northeast of the town.

The firing here lasted about one hour. The majority of the Spaniards had retreated toward the hills in the north and taken up positions behind houses and rocks, and making good use of the natural cover. The dynamite-guns, under Captain Potter, were finally brought up, and were here used with great effect, five shells being thrown, which silenced the firing very effectively, and the Spaniards retreated north of the town. The advance upon and capture of the town occupied the better part of the day, and the remaining hour or so before night was devoted to the placing of a careful picket and outpost for the town; the Fourth Ohio took up the northern lines, while the Third Illinois was brought in and placed to the south and west.

Little of interest occurred during the next day or two. Spanish troops were seen by our outposts from time to time, but no engagement took place. On the 8th a reconnoissance was ordered by General Hains to ascertain the nature of the country to the north, and also the strength and location of the Spanish forces. Colonel Coit and Captain Walsh, in command of companies A and C of the Fourth Ohio, accompanied by Lieutenant Darrach of General Hains's staff, left Guayama at about nine in the morning of the 8th and proceeded along the San Juan road for a distance of about two and a half miles. Here the Spaniards could be seen distinctly with the glass, throwing up intrenchments upon the opposite hills; also small bodies of them moving about upon the side of the mountain some three or four thousand yards distant.

The road on which the troops were proceeding was cut along the face of the hill, and by a circuitous route wound its way around toward the enemy's position. The point and several officers were advanced some two hundred yards beyond the column, and had gone through two open ledges, by which the road passed the front of the slope. The last company was about to enter the first of these when a terrific volley fire was opened from the Spanish entrenchments. Colonel Coit and two members of General Brooke's staff, who had ridden up, took shelter behind a house by the road, and the rest of the command, under Captain Walsh, lay flat upon their faces. A gutter or trench by the side of the road was the only cover, and into that rolled the men, and by its cover managed to crawl around the bend to a place protected from the enemy's fire. Four of the men of C company were found at this point, and the gauntlet had to be run to the next turn, where it was thought company C has assembled. Here, however, but a few men were found, the rest having taken to their heels at the first volley. A firing-line was formed, however, and the wounded brought back to cover. A few well-directed volleys had returned the enemy's fire, when re-enforcements came up in the form of two dynamite-guns and some companies of infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Adams. The Spanish soon retreated from their trenches around the point of the most distant turn, and the reconnoitring party returned with a certain knowledge and remarkable memory of the enemy's position and strength. The number of the enemy's troops was thought to be about eight hundred, and was increased by re-enforcements from San Juan during the next few days.

The position held by the Spanish on Pablo Vasquez mountain commanded the surrounding country as well as the main road on both sides of the range, and no advance could be made until they had been routed.

The next operation of interest was on the 13th, when General Brooke, who had arrived with three batteries of artillery and two troops of cavalry, ordered a concentrated movement of his forces upon the enemy's position. General Hains, with the Fourth Ohio, had moved to a flanking position on the extreme left by a circuitous march through the mountains to the west of the Pablo Vasquez range. He had reached his position, and was about to deploy, when Colonel Dean, an aide to General Brooke, appeared upon a blown horse, with the information that a cessation of hostilities had been declared; and orders for General Hains to return to Guayama. His men were in sight of the Spanish intrenchments, and in less than a quarter of an hour would have been engaged. A more theatrical finale occurred in General Brooke's command. The artillery was in position, the pieces having been sighted and loaded. The City Troop of Philadelphia and H troop of the Sixth regulars were ready to deploy to the right or pursue a fleeing enemy. Three minutes' delay would have occasioned the opening of an engagement which would have been as severe as any of the war. General Brooke received the orders transmitted by the Signal Service just in time to save many lives of both the Spanish and ourselves.

LIEUTENANT J. M. A. DARRACH, U.S.A.,
A. D. C. to General Hains.

CRUISING WITH THE BRITISH CHANNEL FLEET.

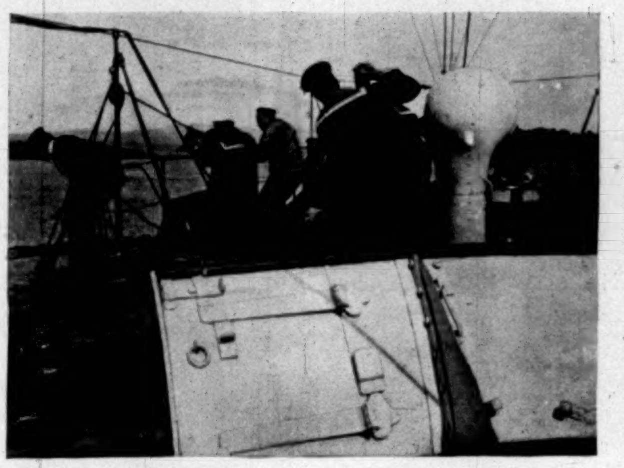
BY CAPTAIN W. ELLIOT CAIRNES.

NOWADAYS we are all familiar with the terms "sea power," "fleets in being," etc., etc., and even the man in the street can talk glibly of battle-ships, cruisers, quick-firing guns, and high-explosive shells; in short, the importance of naval power has been of late brought so forcibly into prominence that no excuse is needed for a short description of the manner in which the highest efficiency is sought for in that most powerful training squadron in the world, the British Channel Fleet.

To most people the idea that this fleet is a "training squadron" in the highest sense will be a new one, so I may as well commence this article by making it clear that one of the chief objects aimed at in its work is the education of the officers in fleet tactics and evolutions and the instruction of the young seamen who form the greater proportion of its *personnel* in gunnery, boat, and anchor work. One consequence is that the *personnel* is continually changing; officers rarely spend more than a year or so in the fleet, while the seaman ratings are changed about every six months, the finished article leaving the Channel well qualified to do his part in upholding his country's flag in whatever part of the world he may be sent to. A word or two as to the present constitution of this squadron will fitly come in here.

The backbone of the fleet is of course the battle squadron, which consists of eight battle-ships of the most modern type, all practically identical in design, namely, the *Majestic* (flag), *Magnificent* (Rear-Admiral), *Hannibal*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, *Prince George*, *Resolution*, and *Repulse*. The six ships first named displace 14,900 tons, are protected with Harveyed steel armor, varying from nine to fourteen inches in thickness, carry four of the new 12-inch 46-ton wire-wound guns, twelve 6-inch quick-firers, a host of smaller weapons, four submerged and one above-water torpedo-tubes, and have a sea speed of sixteen and a half knots. The *Resolution* and *Repulse* displace a few hundred tons less, are slightly slower, are armed with four 13½-inch guns and ten 6-inch quick-firers, in addition to smaller guns, and have only two torpedo-discharging tubes, both submerged. In appearance the main difference is that the heavy guns in the barbettes are unprotected at the breech by the armored hood adopted in the newer battle-ships, and the freeboard at the bow being slightly less takes away somewhat from the seaworthy appearance so remarkable in the vessels of the later type. The funnels, also, are spaced a little farther apart. To this magnificent and homogeneous fleet of battle-ships a squadron of six cruisers is added for purposes of scouting, etc.; but at the time of my visit to the fleet only four of these vessels were cruising with it. These four were the *Blake*, a fine first-class cruiser of 9000 tons and twenty-knot speed; the *Isis*, a second-class cruiser of 5600 tons, which has steamed over twenty-one knots on her trials; the *Furious*, also a second-class cruiser, but of 5750 tons displacement, and of a newer type than the *Blake*; and the little *Pelorus*, a new third-class cruiser of 2135 tons, which has steamed over twenty-and-a-half knots on her steam trials. None of these cruisers are armored, protection to their vitals being afforded by steel turtle-back decks, and to their guns' crews by steel shields and casemates. The two cruisers required to make up the proper complement are the *Diadem*, a splendid vessel of the first class, now undergoing exhaustive trials, and the *Arrogant*, a sister ship to the *Furious*, which has been detached for a short time for special service. So much for a description of the component parts of the squadron; now for a record of its daily life during the fortnight which I spent on board one of the ships—a ship which I ought not to identify further than by saying that she was one of the cruiser division.

It was on a summer evening in August that I ascended the gangway of this cruiser, while she was lying with the rest of the fleet off Oban, that popular port of call for yachtsmen, at the mouth of the Clyde, on the west coast of Scotland. My host was on the lookout for me, and introductions to his shipmates quickly made me feel at home; indeed, no shyness or "gaucherie" would long hold out against the breezy welcome of these genial seamen. When I arrived, work for the day was over; men in the first class for leave were already on shore, and the remainder of the hands were enjoying a "caulk" (*Anglice*, sleep) on the forecastle, or were smoking and spinning yarns under the lee of the superstructure. On the quarter-deck their officers were similarly employed, the only look-out apparently being kept by the marine sentry and by the signal-man on the fore-bridge, whose watchful glass was alert to pick up any signal on its way from the flag-ship. In the Channel Squadron, I may say, the signal-staff enjoy no sinecure, and even when idly in harbor fluttering bunting and flickering semaphores indicated that the Admiral was circulating orders and intelligence throughout his fleet. That these signals were not all "strict service" was made clear by one which the yeoman brought for our information, neatly written out on his slate. It was to the effect that the officers of the fleet were asked to a garden party, to a colossal picnic, were made honorary members of the yacht club, and had been challenged to a cricket-match by the local team. In reply to these pieces of information we had to indicate the number of officers we could contribute to each of the above-mentioned functions. This gave rise to a good deal of chaff and argument, which lasted till the bugle hinted that it was time to dress for dinner; and I was rather surprised to find that there was no very wild anxiety to plunge into the vortex of Oban society. Going to



AN ANCHOR DRILL.

the cabin which I was to inhabit for the next fortnight or so, I found that my host's marine servant had stowed away all my gear in the neatest fashion, and it was clear that there would be nothing to complain of so far as comfort was concerned. On board ship dinner is rather earlier than on shore, seven o'clock being the usual hour; in fact, all meals in the navy are at hours which a landsman finds at first decidedly unusual. Breakfast is served in the wardroom punctually at eight, lunch at twelve, afternoon tea at 3.30, and dinner at seven. These hours are fixed upon so as to fit in with the working-hours of the ship's company; and now, while we are lying quietly in harbor, I may take the opportunity of laying before you a sketch of the usual routine of the men-of-war of the Channel Squadron.

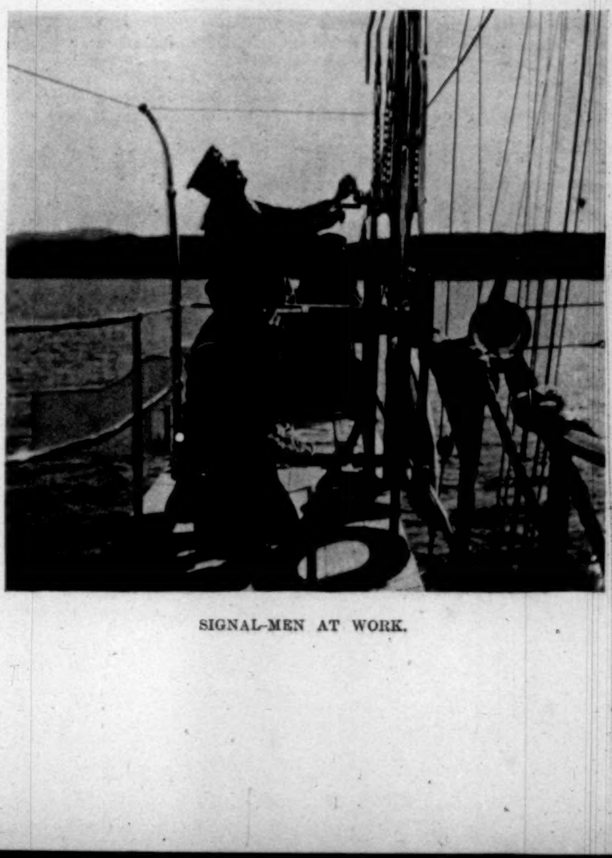
The work of the day on a man-of-war begins, in the summer months, at 4.55 A. M., when the hands are turned up, and the hammocks are lashed and stowed in the nettings. At a quarter past five breakfast is ready, and smoking on the upper deck is allowed till 5.40, when it is, "Out pipes," and the hands turn to to clean decks, etc., till 8.15, when there is a stand-easy for a quarter of an hour. At 8.35 both watches fall in, and the cooks clean the mess-decks, and at 9.15 all hands fall in for divisions, when the men are paraded and inspected by their officers, and then prayers are read. Soon after 9.30 an evolution or drill takes place by signal from the flag-ship, and there is always the keenest competition between the different ships as to which shall be first in the drill. As each ship completes the evolution ordered she hoists a pennant, and as no pennant may be hauled down till all are up, it is easy to see which ship is first and which is last. At 12 noon dinner is piped, and smoking is allowed till 1.10, when the hands are usually employed cleaning guns or arms till two, when the second evolution of the day is usually signalled. At 4.10 supper is ready, and smoking is allowed till 4.40. At 4.50 the hands fall in for evening quarters, and the work of the day is generally over, the hands being "piped down"—otherwise sent to bed—at 9.45. In addition to this ordinary routine each day has its special duties. For instance, on Saturday the crews are usually exercised at fire-quarters in the morning, the rest of the day being given up to cleaning, while on Thursday the signal is expected to "make and mend clothes," which is interpreted as the signal for a half-holiday. At sea the routine varies somewhat in a few details, breakfast being at 6.30 instead of 5.15, and the hands being piped down half an hour earlier. It was a Friday evening when I joined the fleet, and as I had not studied the "Routine Board," I was rather startled when fire-quarters went at half past seven the next morning, and a marine burst into my cabin to close the scuttle—which I had left open for the sake of fresh air—and the "dead-light" covering it. When I turned out on deck the excellence of the drill was easily apparent, every man being at his appointed station, and not the slightest confusion being anywhere visible. The pumps and fittings were tested, and everything being right, the exercise was over, and until eight o'clock all hands were busy at their usual work of cleaning guns. At eight o'clock, when in harbor, a rather pretty little ceremony may be observed. The bugler sounds the "Attention," all hands face aft and salute while the colors are run up to the top of the staff, the band, if the ship possesses one, playing the national anthem. When the music stops, the bugle sounds the "Carry on," and every one resumes his interrupted work. One of the first things which strikes a stranger visiting one of these ships is the smartness with which every movement is carried out. All movements are executed at a smart run, and it seems to be the universal motto that whatever is being done must be done as energetically and quickly as possible. Add to this the fact that the men always work barefooted, and the extraordinary speed and silence with which all orders are carried out will be easily understood. The keen rivalry between the different ships also exercises an excellent effect, and is very easily realized when any evolution is being carried out. As the hour for the daily evolution draws near, the chief executive officer—be he commander, as in a battle-ship or large cruiser, or first lieutenant, as in a smaller ship—becomes anxious as to what drill may be ordered. There is so much anxiety to be first on these occasions that some officers are inclined to hazard a guess as to the intention of the admiral, and sundry small preparations are made which much facilitate speed if the guess should prove accurate. Occasionally these guesses lead rather to disaster, as I witnessed in one case, when the executive officer of a neighboring ship anticipated that the evolution ordered would be, "Man and arm boats." This evolution was about due, not having been performed for some days; consequently, to save time, all guns, rifles, ammunition, etc., were placed unostentatiously in the boats, and their crews were ordered to enter them and lie down. If the expected signal had been made, it would only have been necessary to lower away the boats, and a considerable start would have been obtained over the rest of the fleet. Unfortunately, when the signal for the evolution went fluttering to the yard-arm of the flag-ship, we could all read P. Q. 2, which signifies, "Boats pull round the battle fleet," and the discomfited crews had to crawl in a most undignified manner from their boats, removing all guns and other gear, to the vast amusement of the rest of the fleet. As the number of possible evolutions run into a large number of figures, it is easy to see that a good guess is rather unlikely, and that less is to be hoped for from a lucky shot than from a well-drilled ship's company. Some of the drills are rather dangerous, as, for instance, some of the anchor drills, in which very heavy weights have to be controlled by hand, and very often moved considerable distances. A little miscalculation or misdirected energy may at any moment lead to the crushing of one or more men or the capsizing or stoving of a boat; but so much care is taken, and every one is so well up in his work, that though these drills are carried on with wonderful speed, accidents very rarely happen. "Abandon ship," also, is an evolution which can only be safely carried out in smooth and tideless waters, as to stow all the ship's company in her boats these must be over-crowded considerably beyond the margin of safety. One of the prettiest drills for a spectator is, "Man and arm boats," an evolution which in a well-drilled ship can be easily carried out in three minutes, without any previous preparation. "Clear for action" is also a pretty drill. The speed with which all stanchions, awnings, etc., which might possibly interfere with the fire of the guns, are removed is very remarkable, and the grim purpose to fulfil which primarily these great vessels are constructed becomes quickly apparent. The guns' crews alert by their great weapons, the sand on the decks to prevent slipping on freshly spilled blood, the fire-hose rigged to quench any outbreak caused by hostile shells, the busy parties at the magazines and ammunition-hoists getting up shot and shell, and last, but not least impressive, the surgeons and their assistants in the wardroom with rows of gleaming instruments, sponges, water, and all the horrid paraphernalia of their beneficent profession, showed plainly the ultimate object of all this careful training, which one had hitherto been inclined to regard rather as novel gymnastic exercises than as anything connected with the reality of war.

When the fleet is exercised at this evolution the crews are drilled in different exercises as soon as the ship is reported clear. Perhaps boarders are called for, when marines, seamen, and even stokers, with flashing bayonets and boarding-pikes, appear as by magic in answer to the boatswains' whistle. Or the guns are trained on various marks, or torpedo-tubes are worked, though torpedoes are not run; but everything is made ready for that purpose, even the war-heads being prepared as for actual service. At "general quarters," the name for another evolution, the guns are cast loose and the men take station in the same manner; but the ship is not stripped so thoroughly, and more time is given to the drilling of the men with the cutlass, big gun, or rifle. And so the time goes on in harbor. The mornings are taken up with work, but in the evenings officers go ashore, and in many cases leave is given, though not on a very liberal scale, to the crews. Though each ship is provided with steam-cutters and picket-boats, these are not allowed to be used in the Channel Fleet, and all boat-work must be done under sail, or, should there be no wind or sailing be dangerous, with the oar. The object of this is to train the men and young officers in sailing and handling boats, and though some risks are run, the end quite justifies the means.

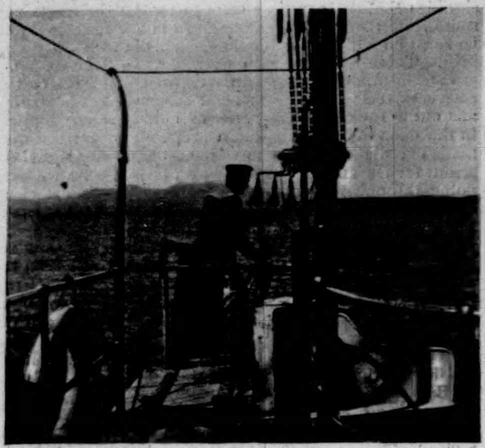
After a few days at Oban the fleet weighed and stood up to Ballachulish, the first hint that a move was intended being conveyed by the signal from the flag-ship, "Prepare for sea aloft." This does not imply, as might be understood by a landsman, any handling of sails, but signifies that the canvas covers to protect the masts and spars from the blackening smoke from the funnels are to be laced on without loss of time. This is rather a pretty drill. These young seamen, though trained for the modern steam-propelled war-ship, seem to be as alert and as active as their predecessors, and swarm into the rigging and out to the end of the yards as nimbly as any topman in the days of Nelson. These preparations for sea were made overnight, and orders were also issued by signal for steam for ten knots to be ready by 7.30 A. M. As we were going through the narrow waters leading to the loch of Ballachulish no fleet evolutions would be possible, and a ten-knot speed, to economize coal, was all that was necessary. The fleet weighed at the appointed time, and nothing more impressive could well be imagined than the great floating fortresses, with leadsmen in the chains (men-of-war at sea *always* keep the lead going), moving in single file through the picturesque scenery of the Highlands. The waters were smooth, and the heather-covered hills seemed in places so close that one would imagine it possible to throw a pebble from the shore on to the decks. In Ballachulish Loch the scenery was very fine. The loch appeared from its northern end to be absolutely landlocked, and it must have been quite startling to those on shore to see so magnificent a squadron lying in this Highland loch, with frowning hills enclosing it on every hand. Here also the usual drills and exercises went on, and in the afternoons swarms of clean-shaved naval officers, in "mufti" suits whose innumerable creases betrayed their close confinement in cabin chests, invaded every hotel in the neighborhood, climbed on to the charabancs, and visited the historic pass of Glencoe and all other interesting places within reach. It was not until we had left Ballachulish behind us, and had reached the more open waters of the Irish Channel, that I was able to see any of the evolutions of the squadron at sea. That considerable nerve is needed for the handling of these enormous battle-ships, as I saw them handled, may be guessed from the fact that it is impossible to stop one of them, even at ten knots speed, with both screws reversed, under half a mile; and the work is made still more "jumpy" from the liability of all hitherto invented steam steering-gear to suddenly break down at awkward moments. However, risks must be run if the art of handling these great ships is to be acquired, and there is no doubt that the skill in fleet tactics acquired by constant practice in peace will stand the British navy in good stead when the dogs of war are loosed.

OUR SKIPPER.

The usual cruising formation of the fleet is the one known as columns of divisions disposed to beam, which means that the two divisions, of four battle-ships each, headed by the vice-admiral and rear-admiral respectively, steam in parallel lines, the distance between the columns being usually as many cables as there are ships in column (a cable equals 200 yards), each ship being two cables astern of its predecessor in column. The vice-admiral heads the weather-column, the rear-admiral the lee, while the cruisers form a third division on one or other beam of the battle fleet. Each ship shows by her steaming-cone hanging from her signal-yard her rate of speed, the cone being hauled close up to the yard when her speed is accelerated; two flags on a halyard from each end of this yard act as helm signals, and another flag or flags indicate the number of revolutions which her engines are making in a minute. Thus the admiral can see at a glance what any of the ships are doing; and that he uses the power to the utmost is apparent from the promptness with which any slackness in keeping station is noted. Should station continue to be kept badly by any ship, the flag-ship frequently calls by signal for the name of the officer of the watch, and the name of the offender is made, and read off by every signal-man in the fleet—a mode of punishment which leads to much chaffing of the culprit by his friends in other ships. Some of the drills carried out at sea are very interesting. All men-of-war carry two boats always swung out and ready for instant lowering, with life-belts ready for use inside; these boats are termed "life-boats," and, in order to test the drill and readiness of the crews, the admiral frequently makes a signal, "Drop a life-buoy," when the marine sentry at the stern releases one of the buoys under his charge, and the life-boat is lowered with the utmost speed to go in search of it. Great emulation is shown by the different ships in this drill, the picking up of the buoy being shown, by one signal from each ship, and the return of the life-boat by another. Sometimes things are made more lively by the signal being made to

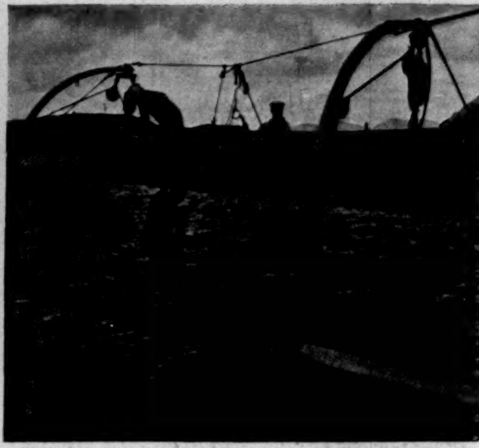


SIGNAL-MEN AT WORK.



HEAVING THE LEAD.

OFFICER OF THE DAY.



PAINTERS AT WORK.

drop two life-buoys, when the two life-boats of each ship have to be placed in the water and raced off, each to pick up its own buoy. The quickness with which constant practice enables this exercise to be performed even in a lumpy sea is almost incredible, and this smartness and handiness in boat-work cannot fail to be of great use to men-of-war's men on innumerable occasions.

One of the most impressive fleet movements is the one known as the "Gridiron." In this evolution the fleets start in columns of divisions disposed to beam, and, on a given signal, simultaneously turn inward eight points, the ships passing each other yard-arm to yard-arm, and when the proper distance is reached, turn on to their course again, the position of the columns being thus inverted. This evolution is really dangerous, as the smallest break-down in the steering-gear or failure of nerve or judgment on the part of an executive officer might lead to a repetition of the *Victoria* disaster.

On our way down Channel I saw a very good instance of the value of water-tube boilers in ships of war. The cruiser I was on gradually dropped further and further astern of station, the reason being that one of the fan-engines had broken down; at last we were over a mile behind the fleet, and the many-colored flags fluttering from the flag-ship and answered by us showed that the admiral had his eye on us and wanted to know what was wrong. Fortunately the chief engineer had foreseen the coming break-down, and had ordered two additional boilers to be started just half an hour before the casualty.

Within half an hour of the accident to the fan-engine, or one hour after lighting up, these boilers were coupled up with those previously in use, and under a full head of steam we came tearing up hand over hand after the battle fleet. With the old pattern return-tube boilers this would have been impossible, as from eight to twelve hours would have been needed to get the steam required. Certainly water-tube boilers have their weak points, but they also have their advantages.

One night there came down on us one of those dense opaque fogs for which the Channel has an unenviable reputation, and I shall never forget the strange experience of being in the midst of an invisible fleet, the whole air rent and quivering with the shrieks and moans of the sirens. We were in the usual steaming formation of the fleet, already described, when the fog came on. It was after midnight, and I had just left the bridge, where I had been watching the work of station-keeping in a fleet at night. At night the steaming-cones are replaced by lamps, which are also used for helm-signals, and if astern of a number of ships it requires a practised eye to tell which lights belong to your immediate leader. The officer of the watch corrects his station by frequent observations with the sextant, calling for more revolutions if losing ground, and reducing speed if gaining on the ship ahead. My eye had got tired with watching the dancing lights ahead, astern, and on our beam, where the massive battle-ships were ploughing their steady way undisturbed by the sea, which was making our decks heave and slant, and sending showers of glittering spray as high as the fore-bridge, so I went below and turned in. I had hardly fallen asleep when I woke with the boom of a gun still in my ears; then followed shriek after shriek from our siren, and as sleep was clearly impossible, I went on deck to find out the cause of this midnight disturbance.

READY TO RAM THE ENEMY.

There was no difficulty in ascertaining this. A fog was all around us—a dense, white, clinging fog, shrouding from our view all but a few yards of tumbling sea; in front, astern, and on our beam the hoots of sirens and fog-horns betrayed the presence of the fleet, and it would be impossible to imagine anything more weirdly thrilling than the volume of strange discordant sound swelling on all sides from invisibility. I could imagine that we were steaming in the midst of an assemblage of strange invisible sea-monsters; there seemed a queer individuality in the long-drawn-out wails and stertorous blasts of the fog-horns. Occasionally a booming sound, clearly from a distance, would indicate the approach of some tramp or passenger steamer. God help the vessel which should stray on this fog-shrouded night into the paths of these blind and unwieldy monsters of the sea! Even if sighted at the last moment, nothing could save her, as no man-of-war in the fleet would dare to shift her helm in that fog, in the certainty that so doing would bring her into the path of one of her consorts. Fortunately our fog-horns, helped by the guns fired every half-hour by the leaders of each column, gave ample warning of our passage. Dense as the fog was, station was accurately kept by the aid of fog-buoys towed by a long line from each vessel. Our leader was hidden absolutely, but a few yards ahead we could see her buoy leaping from wave to wave, the white foam marking its course being clearly visible On this buoy our course was kept, and with such good results that when the fog suddenly lifted, at eight next morning, no ship in that fleet was out of station.

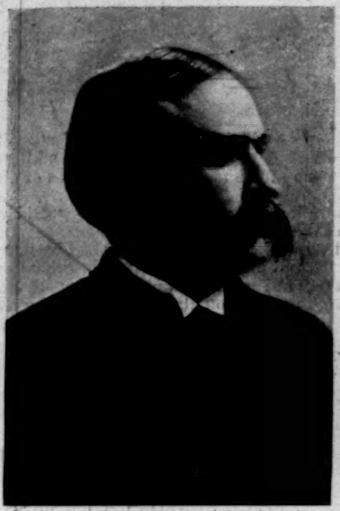
At Milford-Haven we coaled. This is now regarded as an evolution, and a very important one too, and the keenest rivalry is maintained between the different vessels. Without coal a fleet is useless, and the more time taken up in coaling, the longer are the ships kept from their duties, consequently everything possible is tried to quicken the process of filling the empty bunkers. Every one on board, even marine officers and chaplains, turned to with a will. Soon the white decks were inches deep in coal-dust; coal-dust was everywhere, and the usually smart and clean-looking officers and men were unrecognizable under their grimy masks. That little time was wasted will be clear from the fact that the battle-ships of the squadron took in coal at the average rate of 102 tons per hour, the flag-ship very properly heading the list with a splendid average of 162 tons, and in her best hour stowing no less than 190 tons. After the coaling my trip came to an end, though not before I was a witness of what might have been a very serious accident. While the little *Pelorus* was busy coaling, a steam-collier, unable to stem the heavy tide, was carried on to her bows. A crash, a bump, and the collier, with a momentarily increasing list, was headed for the shore, which she reached only just in time to avoid sinking in deep water. The unarmored stem of the *Pelorus* was twisted at right angles, but so tough was the steel of which she is built that no fracture occurred, though rivets were started, and enough water was taken in to flood the fore-compartment. As I left, orders had just been issued for her to go to Plymouth to be docked.

So ended my cruise; and though I was not fortunate enough to see any gun-practice, yet I have no doubt, from the figures I have seen, that gunnery is held in proper estimation in the Channel Fleet, and that in the days when those great weapons are aimed in deadly earnest our seaman gunners will give as good an account of themselves as their cousins under the stars and stripes.

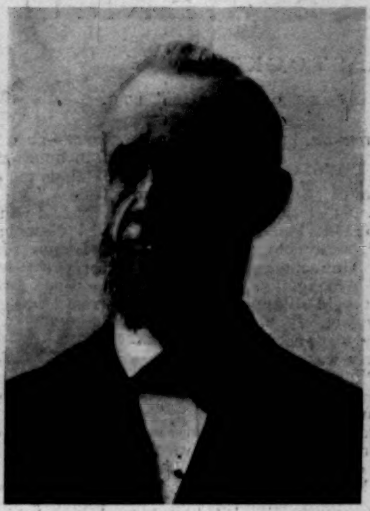
ISSUING GROG.

CLEARING FOR ACTION.

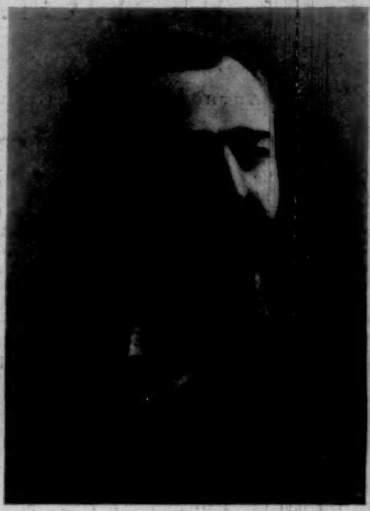
MEN FALLING IN FOR PUNISHMENT.



SENATOR GRAY OF DELAWARE,
Democratic Member of the Peace Commission.



JUDGE THOMAS M. COOLEY.
Died September 12.—[See Page 935.]



JAMES A. SEXTON,
New Commander-in-Chief of the G.A.R.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
The late head of the Mormon Church.
[See Page 932.]

LABOR COPARTNERSHIP.*

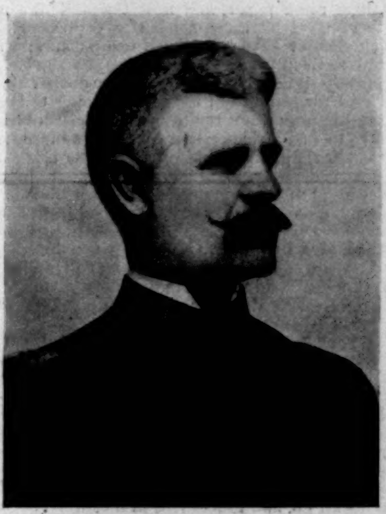
Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd has made himself known heretofore as a student of industrial problems by various articles in periodical publications, and by his suggestive volume *Wealth Against Commonwealth*. His new book on the co-operative experiments in England, Scotland, and Ireland, which he entitles *Labor Copartnership*, is especially valuable, as giving facts in regard to what is actually done, gathered by personal visits to the places concerned. Mr. Lloyd does not conceal his sympathy for the co-operative experiments, or his desire for their success, but he indulges in very little argument or reasoning, and lets the facts speak for themselves.

His observations include experiments at co-operative farming (which, under the English land system, is one of the most difficult fields for the associated efforts of labor), manufacturing, especially of shoes and clothing, printing, store-keeping, etc. He makes it plain that many of these experiments are decidedly successful, and that this method of production and exchange is steadily gaining ground, with a variety of benefits to the working-men. There have been failures and there are drawbacks, but they seem to bear a small proportion to the beneficial results. These are not merely financial, giving wage-earners, on the whole, a better income than mere wages can yield, but social and moral as well, stimulating the higher motives, and tending constantly to elevate and strengthen character.

While the results noted by Mr. Lloyd appear to show a generally beneficial effect, he takes no great pains to point it out, but gives his facts and figures, and leaves inferences to the reader. This is what gives the book its real value. It is full of information, and tells us just what the co-operative associations have done and are doing as a means of justifying the principle upon which they are founded.

One purpose is to show the increasing tendency to an actual copartnership of working-men in the co-operative enterprises, the ownership of capital, and the management of business by those who perform the labor, instead of mere sharing in profits through the beneficence or the prudence and sagacity of employing capitalists. The book has the great merit of affording knowledge and stimulating thought, instead of thinking for the reader.

* *Labor Copartnership.* Notes of a visit to co-operative workshops, factories, and farms, in Great Britain and Ireland, in which employer, employé, and consumer share in ownership, management, and results. By Henry Demarest Lloyd. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1898.



FIRST LIEUT. A. L. MILLS, U.S.A.,
Colonel Superintendent, U.S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

WIND MOODS.

The wind that moans in surly glee
 Across the leagues of rolling brine
Has only sweetest melody
 To whisper in the dreaming pine.

R. K. Munkittrick.

BREAKFAST GIVEN TO THE ANNEXATION COMMISSIONERS BY JUDGE KALUA AT WAILUKU, MAUI.
Photograph by Davey, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

XXVII.—MRS. PERKENPINE DELIGHTS THE BISHOP.

IT was the bishop who first appreciated the fact that a certain air of loneliness had descended upon the shore of the lake. He had prepared breakfast at his camp, but as Mr. Clyde did not make his appearance he went to Camp Rob to look for him. There he saw Matlack and his assistant busy in their kitchen tent, and Mrs. Perkenpine was also engaged in culinary matters. He had left Arthur Raybold asleep at Camp Roy, but of the ladies and gentleman who were usually visible at the breakfast-hour at Camp Rob he saw no signs, and he approached Mrs. Perkenpine to inquire for Clyde. At his question the sturdy woman turned and smiled. It was a queer smile, reminding the bishop of the opening and shutting of a farm gate.

"He's a oner," said she. "Do you suppose he could ketch a rabbit, no matter how fast he ran?"

"Come, now," said the bishop, "he wasn't trying to do that?"

"He was either doin' that, or else he was runnin' away. I seed him early this mornin'—I wasn't up, but I was lookin' round—and I thought from the way he was actin' that he'd set a rabbit-trap and was goin' to see if he'd caught anything, and pretty soon I seed him runnin' like Sam Hill, as if his rabbit had got away from him. But perhaps it wasn't that, and maybe somebody skeered him. Anyway, he's clean gone."

The bishop stood and reflected; the affair looked serious. Clyde was a practical, sensible fellow—and he was gone. Why did he go?

"Have you seen any of the Archibalds yet?" he asked.

"No," said she; "I guess they're not up yet, though it's late for them. My young woman ain't up nuther, but it ain't late for her."

The bishop walked slowly toward the cabin and regarded it earnestly. After a few minutes inspection he stepped up to the door and knocked. Then he knocked again and again, and hearing nothing from within he became alarmed, and ran to Matlack.

"Hello!" he cried. "Something has happened to your people, or they have gone away. Come to the cabin, quick!"

In less than a minute Matlack, the bishop, and Bill Hammond were at the cabin, and the unfastened door was opened wide. No one was in the house, that was plain enough, but on the floor were four bags packed for transportation.

Matlack looked about him, and then he laughed. "All right," said he; "there ain't no need of worryin' ourselves. They haven't left a thing of theirs about, everything 's packed up and ready to be sent for. When people do that, you may be sure nothing 's happened to them. They've gone off, and I bet it's to get rid of that young woman's preachin'. But I don't blame them; I don't wonder they couldn't stand it."

The bishop made no reply. Remembering his recent conversation with Mrs. Archibald, he believed that, if they had quietly gone away, there was a better reason for it than Miss Raybold's fluency of expression. It was possible that something might have happened after he had retired from the scene the night before, for when he went to sleep Raybold was still walking up and down in the moonlight.

His mind was greatly disturbed. They were gone, and he was left. "What are you going to do?" he asked Matlack.

"Nothing just now," said the guide. "If they don't send for their things pretty soon, I'll go over to Sadler's and find out what's the matter. But they're all right. Look how careful them bags is strapped up!"

The bishop left the cabin and walked thoughtfully away in the direction of Camp Roy. In two minutes he had made up his mind: he would eat his breakfast—he could not travel upon an empty stomach—and then he would depart. That was imperative.

When he reached the camp he found that Raybold had risen and was pouring out for himself a bowl of coffee. Seeing the bishop approach, the young man's face grew dark, as might have been expected from the events of the night before, and he hurriedly placed some articles of food upon a plate, and was about leaving the stove, when the bishop reached him. Raybold turned with a frown, and what was meant to be a glare.

"I shall bide my time," said he, and with his coffee and his plate he retired to a distance.

The bishop smiled, but made no answer, and sat down and ate his meal in peace; and then he prepared to depart. He had nothing but a little bag, and it did not take long to put in order the simple culinary department of the camp. When all was done he stood for some minutes thinking. There was a path through the woods which led to the road, so that he might go on to Sadler's without the knowledge of any one at Camp Rob, but he felt that he ought to see Matlack and tell him that he was going. If anything went wrong at Camp Roy he did not wish to be held responsible for it. Mr. Archibald could afford to go away without saying anything about it, but he could not, and, besides, if he should happen to see Miss Raybold it would be far more gentlemanly to tell her that he was going and to bid her good-by, than to slip off through the woods like a tramp. He would go, that he was determined upon; but he would go like a man.

When he reached Camp Rob the first person he saw was Miss Raybold, standing near her tent with a roll of paper in her hand. The moment she perceived him she walked rapidly towards him.

"Good-morning," she said. "Did you know that the Archibalds had gone? I was never so amazed in my life. I was eating my breakfast when a man and a cart drove up to their cabin, and Mrs. Perkenpine, running to see what this meant, soon came back and told me that the family of three had departed in the night, and had sent this cart for their baggage. I think this was a very uncivil proceeding, and I do not in the least understand it. Can you imagine any reason for this extremely uncourteous action?"

The bishop could imagine reasons, but he did not care to state them.

"It may be," he said, with a smile, "that they discovered that their natures demanded hotel beds instead of camp cots, and that they immediately departed in obedience to the mandates of their individualities."

"But in so doing," said Miss Raybold, "they violated the principles of association. Our scheme included mutual confidence as well as self-investigation and assertion. I must admit that Mr. Archibald disappointed me. I think he misunderstood my project. By holding one's self entirely aloof from humanity one encourages self-ignorance. But perhaps our party was somewhat too large—the elements too many and inharmonious—and I see no reason why we who remain should relinquish our purpose. I believe it will be easier for us to become truly ourselves than when our number was greater, and so I propose that we make no change whatever in our plans; that we live on, for the time agreed upon, exactly as if the Archibalds were here. And now, if you have a few minutes to spare, I would like to read you something I wrote this morning before I left my tent. I was awake during the night, and thought for a long time upon the subject of mental assimilation, the discussion of which we did not finish last evening, and this morning, while my thoughts were fresh, I put them upon paper, and now I would like to read them to you. Isn't there some shady place where we might sit down? There are two camp-chairs; will you kindly place them under this tree?"

The bishop sighed, but he went for the chairs. It would be too hard for him to tell her he was going to leave the camp, and he would not try to do it. He would slip off as soon as he had a chance, and leave a note for her. She would not perhaps like that, but it was the best he could do.

The reading of the paper occupied at least half an hour, and when it was finished, and Corona had begun to make some remarks on a portion of it which she had not fully elaborated, Mrs. Perkenpine approached, and stood before her.

"Well, miss," said she, "I'm off."

Miss Raybold fixed her eye-glasses upon her. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"I'm goin' back to Sadler's," she replied. "Phil's goin', and I'm goin'. He's jest told me that the cart 's comin' back for the kitchen fixin's and his things, and him and Bill Hammond is goin' to Sadler's with it; and if he goes, I goes."

This speech had a very different effect upon its two hearers. Corona was as nearly angry as her self-contained nature would permit; but, although he did not allow his feelings to betray him, the bishop was delighted. Now they must all go, and that suited him exactly.

"It is a positive and absolute breach of contract!" exclaimed Miss Raybold. "You agreed to remain in my service during my stay in camp, and you have no right to go away now, no matter who else may depart."

Mrs. Perkenpine grinned. "That sort of thing was all very well a week ago," said she, "but it won't work now. I've been goin' to school to myself pretty steady, and I've kept myself in a good deal, too, for not knowin' my lessons, and I've drummed into me a pretty good idea of what I be, and I can tell you I'm not a woman as stays here when Phil Matlack's gone. I'm not a bit scary, but I never staid in camp yet with all greenhorns but me. When I find myself in that sort of a mess, it's my nater to get out of it. Phil says he's goin' to start the fust thing this afternoon, and that's the time I'm goin', and so if you would like to go, you can send word by that man in the cart to have you and your things sent for, and we can all clear out together."

"Positively," exclaimed Corona, turning to the bishop, "this is the most high-handed proceeding I ever heard of!"

"That's 'xactly what I think," said Mrs. Perkenpine; "it most takes my breath away to think how high-handed I am. Before I knowed myself I couldn't have been that way to save my skin. There didn't use to be any individdlety about me. You might take a quart of huckleberries and ask yourself what it was particular 'bout any one of them huckleberries—'xceptin' it might be green, and it's a long time since I was that way—and you'd know jest as much about that huckleberry as I knowed about myself. Now it's different. It's just the same as if there was only one huckleberry in a quart box, and it ain't no trouble to see all around that."

"I think, Miss Raybold," said the bishop, "that this good woman has prosecuted her psychical researches with more effect than any of us."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Miss Raybold. "Do you really think I must leave this camp at the dictation of that person?"

"'Scuse me," said Mrs. Perkenpine, "but I'm goin' to scratch things together for movin'. We'll have dinner here, and then we'll pack up and be off as soon as the carts come. That's what Phil says he's goin' to do."

With a satisfied mind and internal gratitude to Mrs. Perkenpine, who had made everything easy for him, the bishop endeavored to make Corona feel, that as her departure from the camp was inevitable, it would be well not to disturb her mind too much about it. But it was of no use trying to console the lady.

"It is too bad," she said; "it is humiliating. Here I believed that I was truly myself, that I was an independent entity, that I was free to assert my individual nature and to obey its impulses, and now I find that I am nothing but the slave of a female guide. Actually I must obey her, and I must conform to her."

"It is true," said the bishop, musingly, "that although we may discover ourselves, and be greatly pleased with the prospect of what we see, we may not be permitted to enter into its enjoyment, and must content ourselves with looking over the fence and longing for what we see."

Corona faintly smiled. "When we have climbed high enough to see over that fence," she said, "it becomes our duty to break it down."

"When I was in England," said the bishop, "I saw a fence—an oak fence—which they told me had stood for four hundred years. It looked awfully tough, and it now reminds me of some of the manners and customs of civilization."

"And you were in England," said Corona. "Did you visit Newnham College?"

He never had. But she told him that she had been there for two years. "And now," she continued, "there may be time enough before I must pack up my effects to finish what I was going to say to you about approximate assimilations."

XXVIII.—THE HERMITS CONTINUE TO FAVOR ASSOCIATION.

WHEN the Archibald party reached the capital city of their State, the four of them took a carriage and drove immediately to the Dearborn residence. Margery had insisted that Mr. Clyde should go with them, so that he and she should present themselves together before her parents. In no other way did she believe that the subject could be properly presented. The Archibalds did not object to this plan; in fact, under the circumstances, they were in favor of it. During the journey young Clyde had produced a very favorable impression upon them. They had always liked him well enough, and now that they examined his character more critically, they could not fail to see that he was a kind-hearted, gentlemanly young man, intelligent and well educated, and, according to private information from Margery, his family was of the best.

Arrived at the Dearborn door, they found the house in the possession of one female servant, who informed them that Mr. Dearborn was in Canada, on a fishing expedition; that Mrs. Dearborn had gone to attend some sort of a congress at Saratoga, and that she did not expect to be at home until the following Friday, three days after, which was the day on which she had understood her daughter was to be brought back to her. This was disheartening, and the four stood upon the steps irresolute. Margery ought to go to her mother, but neither of the Archibalds wished to go to Saratoga, nor could they despatch thither the prematurely betrothed couple.

"I know what we must do," said Mrs. Archibald; "we must go home."

"But, my dear," said her husband, "we agreed to stay away for a month, and the month is not yet up."

"It doesn't matter," said she. "Kate and her husband will take us in for the few days. When we explain all that we have gone through, she will not be hard-hearted enough to make us go to a hotel until Friday; and Margery can come with us."

Margery turned upon Mrs. Archibald a pair of eyes filled with earnest inquiry.

"I know what you want. No," said Mrs. Archibald; "he can go to a hotel in the town; and I shall write to your mother to come to us as soon as she returns, then you two can present yourselves together according to your plans. There is no use talking about it, Hector; it is the only thing we can do."

"We shall break our word to the newly married," said her husband. "Isn't there a State law against that?"

"When we made that arrangement," said his wife, going down the steps, "we did not know our individual selves; now we do, and the case is different. Kate will understand all that when I explain it to her."

They drove back to the station, and took a train for home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bringhurst were sitting in the cool library about nine o'clock that evening, and he was reading while she was listening, and they were greatly astonished when they heard a carriage drive up to the front door. During their domestic honeymoon they had received no visitors, and they looked at each other and wondered.

"It is a mistake," said he; "but don't trouble yourself. Mary has not gone to bed, and she will hear the bell."

But there was no bell; the door was opened and in came father and mother, followed by a strange young couple.

"Welcome!" exclaimed Kate, when at last all were seated and supper had been ordered. "I should say so. A dozen times during the last week have we talked about the delight it would give us if we could have you here and entertain you a little while as our guests in our own house—for you gave it to us for a month, you know. And yet we refrained from sending you an invitation because we did not want to cut off your holiday. And now you are here! The good fairies could not have arranged the matter better."

When all the tales had been told; when the assertion of individuality and the plans of hermit association had been described and discussed, and the young Bringhursts had told how they too, without knowing it, had been associate hermits, devoting their time not to the discovery of their own natures, but of the nature of each other, and how perfectly satisfied they had been with the results, it was very late, and young Clyde was not allowed to go out into the darkness to find a hotel.

It was on Thursday afternoon that Mrs. Dearborn arrived at the Archibald's house. The letter she had received had made her feel that she could not wait until the end of the congress.

"Now, mother," said Margery, when the two were alone together, "you have seen him and you have talked to him, and Uncle Hector has told you how he went to the office of Glassborough & Clyde and found he was really their nephew, and all about him and his family, and you have been told precisely why it was necessary that we should engage ourselves so abruptly on account of the violent nature of Mr. Raybold and the trouble he might cause, not only to us, but to dear Aunt Harriet and Uncle Archibald. And now we come just like two of your own children and put the whole matter entirely into your hands and leave you to decide, out of your own heart, exactly when and where we shall be married, and all about it. Then, when father comes home, you can tell him just what you have decided to do. You are our parents, and we leave it to you."

"What in the world," said Mrs. Dearborn, an hour

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

later, when she was talking to the two married ladies of the household, "can one do with a girl like that? I do not believe dynamite would blow them apart; and if I thought it would, I should not know how to manage it."

"No," said Mrs. Archibald; "I am afraid the explosion would be as bad for you as it would be for them."

"Don't try it," said Mrs. Kate. "I take a great interest in that budding bit of felicity; I consider it an outgrowth of our own marriage and honey-moon. When we sent out that wild couple, my father and mother, on a wedding tour, we never dreamed that they would bring back to us a pair of lovers, who never would have been lovers if it had not been for us, and now they are ready for a wedding tour on their own account, as soon as circumstances may permit. And so, feeling a little right and privilege in the matter, I am going to ask you, Mrs. Dearborn, to let them be married here whenever the wedding day shall come, and let them start out from this house on their married career. Now don't you think that would be a fine plan? I am sure your daughter will like it, when she remembers what she owes us; and if Mr. Clyde objects, I will undertake to make him change his mind."

When the plan was proposed in full council, it was found that there would be no need for the exercise of Mrs. Kate's powers of persuasion.

About ten days after Mrs. Dearborn and Margery had returned to their home, and Clyde had followed, to move like a satellite in an orbit determined by Mrs. Dearborn, Mr. Archibald was surprised, but also very much pleased, to receive a visit from the bishop.

"I could not refrain," said that expansive individual, "from coming to you as soon as circumstances would allow, and, while expressing to you the great obligations under which you have placed me, to confide to you my plans and my prospects. You have been so good to me that I believe you will be pleased to know of the life work to which I have determined to devote myself."

"I am glad to hear," said the other, "that you have made plans, but you owe nothing to me."

"Excuse me," said the bishop, "but I do. This suit of clothes, sir, is the foundation of my fortunes."

"And well earned," said Mr. Archibald; "but we will say no more about that. Have you secured a position? Tell me about yourself."

"I have a position," said the bishop. "But would you prefer that I tell you of that first, or begin at the beginning and briefly relate to you what has happened since I saw you last?"

"Oh, begin at the beginning, by all means," said Mr. Archibald. "I was sorry to be obliged to leave you all so unceremoniously, and I greatly desire to know what happened after we left."

"Very good, then," said the bishop. "I will give you our history in as few words as I can. On the afternoon after your departure we all went to Sadler's—that is, Miss Raybold and myself and the three guides; for young Mr. Raybold, when he heard that your niece and Mr. Clyde had gone, immediately left for Sadler's, hoping, I think, to find you there. From what I heard, I think he and Peter Sadler must have had words. At any rate, he discovered that his case was hopeless, and he had himself driven to the station in a carriage, not choosing to wait until our arrival. I have since heard that he has determined to relinquish the law and devote himself to the dramatic arts.

"For some reason or other, Peter Sadler was very glad to see me, and congratulated me heartily on the favorable change in my appearance. He called me his favorite tramp, and invited me to stop at his hotel for a time, and I consented to stay a few days only, for I felt I must go to see the gentleman to whom I wished to engage as librarian before my new clothes had lost their freshness. Miss Raybold arranged to stay at Sadler's for a week. She liked the place, and as she had planned to remain away from home for a fortnight, she did not wish to return before the time fixed upon. There were a good many people at Sadler's, but none of them seemed to interest her. She decidedly preferred to talk to Sadler or to me; but although Peter is a jolly fellow, and had some lively conversations with her, he does not seem to care for protracted mental intercourse, and it became so plain to me that she depended upon me, in so large a degree, for companionship and intellectual stimulus, that I did not leave as soon as I intended to. It was on Wednesday, in fact, when I steeled my heart and told her that I must positively depart early the following morning, or I could not expect to reach my destination before the end of the week. It was that evening, however, that we became engaged to be married."

"What!" cried Mr. Archibald. "Did you dare to propose yourself to that classic being?"

"No," replied the other, "I cannot, with exactness, say that I did. It would be difficult, indeed, for me to describe the manner in which we arrived at this most satisfactory conclusion. Miss Raybold is a mistress of expression, and, without moving a hair's breadth beyond the lines of maidenly reserve which always environ her, she made me aware, not only that I desired to propose marriage to her, but that it would be well for me to do so. There were objections to this course, which, as an honest man, I could not refrain from laying before her, and with my proposition I stated these objections; but they were overruled to my entire satisfaction, and she consented to become Mrs. Bishop."

"Mrs. Bishop?" said the other, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes; Bishop is my name—Henry C. Bishop. It was the name which suggested the title which was playfully given to me. Before our compact was made, I had told Miss Raybold all about my family. She never asked me to do so, but I knew she desired the information, for I had learned to read those beautiful eyes."

"But," said Mr. Archibald, "how about your position? Did you get the place as librarian?"

"No," said the other; "I did not ask for it. The question of my vocation has been settled most admirably. There never was a human being more frank, more straightforward and pertinent, than Miss Raybold. She knows what she wants, and she makes her plans to get it. With regard to means, she is sufficiently endowed, but the life work to which she has devoted herself is far more than she can ever accomplish alone. She needs the constant assistance of a sympathetic and appreciative nature, and that, I am happy to say, I am able to give her; and were I to devote myself to any other calling which would interfere with that assistance, I should be doing her a positive wrong; therefore, should I state it in definite words, I should say that I am to become my wife's private secretary. That is my position, and it suits me admirably; and I may add that Corona assures me that she is thoroughly well pleased. We are to be married in the fall. It is likely that for some time we shall be associate hermits, and I hope it will not be long before we shall have the pleasure of meeting again our former companions of the hermit camp."

"By-the-way," said Mr. Archibald, as his visitor was about to leave, "tell me something of Matlack. I had a great liking for our guide."

"All that I can tell you is this," said Mr. Bishop, smiling: "Not long after we arrived at Sadler's, he went to Peter and asked him if he intended to send out a camping party to any considerable distance. It so happened that a couple of gentlemen were going to a point on the very limits of Sadler's jurisdiction, and with them Matlack petitioned to go, although another guide had been appointed. I made inquiries—for I also was interested in the guide—and I found that, for some reason or other, Matlack had become a sort of Daniel Boone, and wanted to go away as far as possible from his kind."

"I hope," said Mr. Archibald, "that our example has not made a real hermit of him. Good-by. I am very sorry that Mrs. Archibald is not at home; but in both our names I wish you and your future wife the best of good fortunes."

"Father," exclaimed Mrs. Kate, when she heard of this interview, "now you must grant me one more favor! Here is another pair of lovers who owe everything to our honey-moon and your wedding tour. We ought to know them, for we made them what they are. So let us invite them here, and let them be married from this house. I do not believe she has a proper home of her own; and, in any case, the only way they can pay us what they owe us is to give us the pleasure of seeing them wedded here."

Mr. Archibald rose to his feet. "No, madam," said he; "I am willing, to a certain extent, to make this house a source of hymeneal felicity, but I draw the line at the bishop. I do not intend that my home shall become a matrimonial factory!"

THE END.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

THE NEW CORNELL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Rapid progress is being made with the Cornell University Medical College, which came out of Limbo into actuality as a consequence of the difference between Chancellor MacCracken and the former medical faculty of the New York University. Funds amounting to $1,500,000 have been provided by Colonel Oliver H. Payne, and are to be used partly for endowment and partly to buy land and to build a home for the institution. Plans for the new building, to cost $500,000, have been made by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, a block of land has been bought on the west side of First Avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets, and the building is to be ready for use in October, 1899. The faculty of the new college is, with a few exceptions, the former New York University faculty, which had the painful difference with the Chancellor. It has been strengthened, however, by many new recruits.

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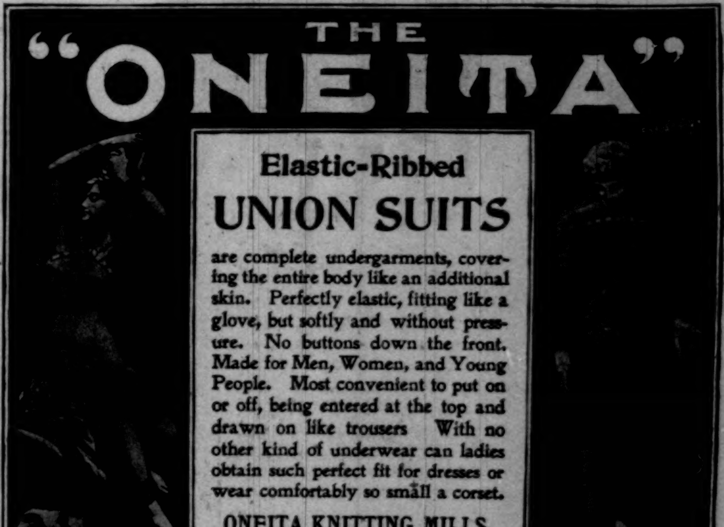

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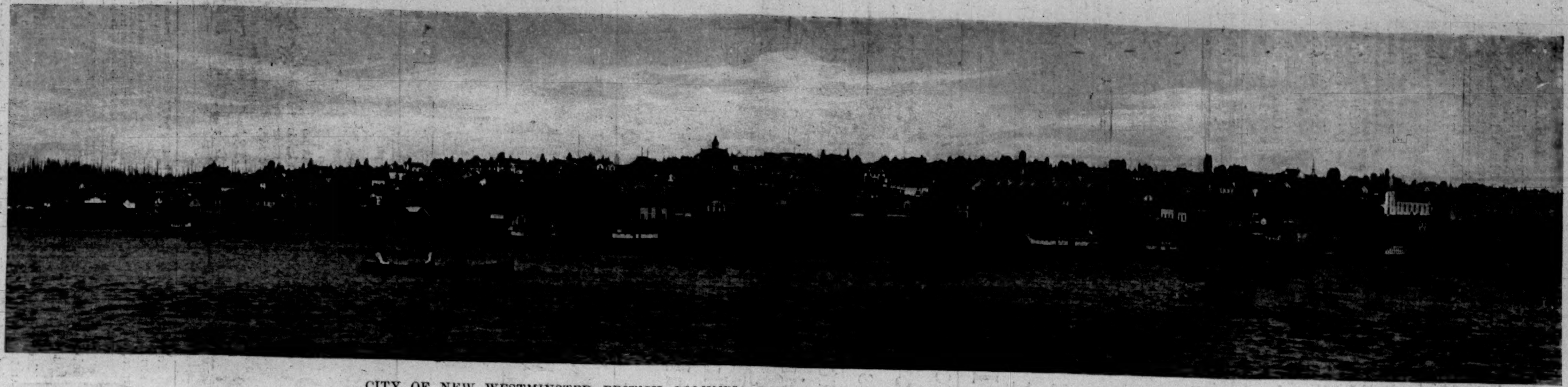

CITY OF NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, DESTROYED BY FIRE SEPTEMBER 11, 1898.—[See Page 934.]

Hon. John A. Kasson. Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks. Mr. Charles H. Butler, U. S. Examiner Expert. Mr. C. P. Anderson, American Secretary. Mr. W. C. Cartwright, British Secretary. Hon. H. Bourassa, M.P., British Secretary.

Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge. Hon. John W. Foster. Hon. Nelson Dingley. Hon. George Gray. Rt. Hon. Baron Herschell, President. Hon. Sir Richard Cartwright. Hon. Sir Louis Davies. Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Hon. John Charlton, M.P. Hon. Sir James Winter.

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN JOINT HIGH COMMISSION FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF DISPUTED QUESTIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—By Courtesy of A. Montminy & Cie.—[See Page 950.]

Photograph registered in Canada.

TRAVIS *VS.* BLAIR.

DOUGLAS *VS.* CURTIS—AT THE EIGHTH HOLE.

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

It was nearly seven o'clock, Monday night, and quite dark, when the last man in the medal round of the championship meeting finally holed out by the uncertain light of a couple of stable lanterns. The early morning start had been made on time, but, with one hundred and seven contestants, delays were inevitable, and the four-minute schedule was too close a margin. As a consequence, it was noon before the last couple in the first round could get away, and the half-hour thus lost could not be made up. The tail of the list managed to scramble in before darkness made play impossible, but it showed conclusively that medal play at thirty-six holes, with a field of one hundred or more, is too big an undertaking for these short September days. It would be a pity to abandon the medal and match system, but either the entry list must be curtailed or the medal round must be made under new conditions. It is hardly possible to interfere with individual rights in the matter of entry; the competition is supposed to be open to all members of clubs affiliated with the National Association, and it should remain so. But with more than one hundred starters there is great risk of good men being shut out through sheer inability to finish before nightfall. Either the qualifying round must be cut down to eighteen holes, or the thirty-six holes must be spread over two days, the whole field playing the first round on Monday and the second on Tuesday. In the latter case only sixteen men (instead of thirty-two) would qualify, as otherwise the match rounds could not be finished within the limits of the week. The question will probably come up for discussion at the annual meeting of the association.

It was a great triumph for American golf that a native-bred player should lead the field in Monday's medal play. It is true that Whigham was out of condition and that the scoring was on the high side, but Choate's victory was none the less creditable, for Douglas and Macdonald and Coats were all behind him. Choate is a Harvard undergraduate, and may be counted upon to improve. His style in driving is beautifully free and effective, and he plays his irons well. He fell an easy victim to W. B. Smith in the first match round, but he had made his mark, and could rest content with the honor of the gold medal.

Whigham's failure to qualify was not unexpected. He was still weak from his illness, and had had but little practice this year. It was an eminently sportsmanlike act for him to come out at all, and such defeat is in the nature of an honor.

The high scoring was a surprise, for it had been generally supposed that the medal would be won by a card of 160 or thereabouts. The best was Choate's 175, and there were only eighteen rounds under 90 out of the total of over two hundred. The greens were fast, and a trifle bumpy from the dry weather, and this made the putting difficult. The congestion at the tees was another and even severer handicap. The course was so crowded that the delay at the short holes often amounted to several minutes, and

DOUGLAS PUTTING AT THE FIRST HOLE.

such an annoyance is quite enough to put a man off his game. It could not be helped, but it had its effect.

The field was certainly a representative one, for Hollins junior, Betts, Harriman, Terry junior, Forgan, and Robbins were the only prominent absentees. H. C. Leeds and G. C. Clark were disappointments in that they failed to qualify, but the college element was well represented among the thirty-two by Choate, Cutting junior, Hubbard, and Curtis, of Harvard, W. B. Smith and John Reid, Jr., of Yale, and Bayard and Blair, of Princeton.

The form shown at the tee was an improvement over that at Shinnecock two years ago, where the field was also representative. Just about half the players used an effective full swing, and the "baseball" swing was confined almost entirely to the older men, such as Keene and Thorp. The majority stood almost square to the ball. There were perhaps twenty who stood with the right foot drawn back (Laidlay stance), and still fewer who adopted the open position. There were but two left-handed players, and they did not qualify.

In the match play of Tuesday the principal interest centred in the Macdonald-Hubbard contest. Hubbard is a Harvard student, and hardly more than a boy, but he put up a very pretty game. His chief weakness lay in his wrist shots, and in this department Macdonald easily outclassed him. Hubbard won the Newport cup a week or so ago, and must be reckoned upon as a factor in future contests.

Douglas beat Curtis, the inter-collegiate champion, rather easily. The latter did brilliant work at times, but he often tried to do too much on the greens, and he was lacking in steadiness. He drives with an easy, full swing, and it was interesting to compare it with Douglas's mighty "swipe." Douglas seemed to put nearly twice as much powder into his stroke, and yet he had to play the odd from the tee shot as often as not. The only particular upset of the day was Wright's defeat by Thorp. The former golfs in far the better style, but the ex-medallist would not be denied, and the "get-there" method scored another point.

The match between Douglas and A. H. Smith on Wednesday was a surprise, in that Douglas was forced to put up rattling golf to win out. Smith is a new aspirant for championship honors, but he possesses abundance of nerve, and remarkable ability in the holing-out department. He got in some wonderful putts during the morning round, and as Douglas was 'way below par in his work on the greens, the Huntington Valley man was one up on the first eighteen holes. In the afternoon round, however, Douglas pulled himself together, and won by four up and three to play. Douglas clearly outclassed Smith on his mid-field shots and short approaches. Time and again he would take his brassey and lay his ball up on the green with a clear carry of one hundred and seventy or eighty yards. The second shot is perhaps the strongest point in Douglas's play, and it is one that counts tremendously. He tries for everything, and a hazard with him is simply a question of yards. If a bunker is barely within the range of his best shot, he takes the chance, and generally brings it off. It is slashing golf, and a treat to watch.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE, JR., WINNER OF THE MEDAL ROUND.

ON THE CLUB-HOUSE PIAZZA.

"THE GOLFER'S ALPHABET."—Illustrations by A. B. Frost.—Rhymes by W. G. van T. Sutphen.—4to, Illuminated Boards, $1 50.—Harper & Brothers.

The defeat of Tyng by Foxhall Keene was a sad surprise to the Morris County men, but their champion was clearly off in his work on the greens, and Keene has improved immensely since Tyng beat him out for the Shinnecock cup a year ago. Keene undoubtedly had the luck, but he also played the better golf, and deserved to win. His easy victory over so strong a man as Tyng argued favorably for his chances with Travis on Wednesday, and the match was followed with a great deal of interest. Travis was hardly himself in the morning round, but he started off with a rush after luncheon, and soon had the match well in hand. Keene played the sandiest kind of golf, and brought off some beautiful iron strokes, but the Oakland champion could not be headed, and the match ended at the fourteenth green.

The W. B. Smith-Fowle and Macdonald-Coats matches had been virtually settled by the morning rounds, and most of the gallery drifted back to watch Douglas and Stillman. As usual, Douglas had been sizing up his man during the morning play, and although he had finished the first round three up, he had not been forced to extend himself. But on the second eighteen the Fairfield crack suddenly began to play record-breaking golf. He went out in 36—a wonderful performance; and that, too, with one lost stroke for a ball out of bounds. The match ended nine up and eight to play; but the chances were so good for breaking the record of 80, established by Tyng, that Douglas went on playing the bye-holes. With ten fours in his card it soon became evident that the record was in danger, and the gallery became enthusiastic. No finer exhibition of fair full driving and brassey work has ever been given upon an American course, and for the first time in two days' play Douglas's holing out was on a par with his general work. He finished in 76, and it is worth while to give the complete score:

Out	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	36
In	4	6	6	5	4	3	4	4	4	40—76

In the semi-finals, on Friday, Douglas and Macdonald were the favorites over Travis and W. B. Smith, the Yale champion. To everybody's surprise, Smith ended the first round with a lead of three up, while Douglas led

WALTER B. SMITH,
Silver Medallist

Travis by a single hole. But in the afternoon round Douglas simply smothered his opponent, and won as he pleased. Travis seemed to be out of condition, and his strokes were lacking in power as well as in accuracy. Nevertheless, *Colonel Bogey* himself would have found difficulty in keeping up with Douglas at the pace he was going.

W. B. Smith, of the Onwentsia (Chicago) Club won from C. B. Macdonald after an exciting struggle. It was a popular victory, and particularly so in that it insured the final honors for an Eastern player. For the first time in the history of national golf, the West was out of it.

Smith, being an American golfer, naturally carried with him the sympathies of the gallery, but it was acknowledged that Douglas, on his public form was entitled to win. Both are young men, Douglas having graduated from St. Andrews University in Scotland two years ago, and Smith being an undergraduate at Yale. Smith is a very long driver, and although it is a trite saying that big driving does not win matches, it is equally true that it does make the putting a deal easier. The Yale man fiddles about a good deal in taking his stand, but once set, his swing comes through full and free, and with a tremendous lot of power from the right forearm at the moment of impact. Occasionally he tops a tee shot or plays a wild one, and just here Douglas's machinelike steadiness was supposed to give him the advantage. Douglas will now and then foozle an approach shot or miss short putts, but he seldom or never makes a mistake through the green. On paper he was an easy winner, and for once the prophets were right. Douglas finished the morning round with a lead of three holes, and although Smith played up nobly in the second round, the champion could not be headed. Douglas was dormie five at the thirteenth hole. Smith won the fourteenth, but the strain was too great, and his drive for the fifteenth went out of bounds. It cost him three to reach the green, and Douglas took the hole, winning the match and championship by five up and three to play.

What for convenience may be called the "picked" score is a combination of the lowest number of strokes in which the several holes were made during the progress of the tournament. The record has no particular importance, except in that it serves to try out the golfing possibilities of the course, and to show the wide gap that exists between theoretical scoring and the average individual performance.

Hole.	Distance (yards).	Bogey.	Picked Score.	Made by.
1	228	4	3	Several
2	175	3	2	Macdonald and Travis
3	234	4	3	Several
4	370	5	3	Douglas
5	310	4	3	Several
6	363	5	3	Travis
7	350	5	3	Keene
8	350	4	3	Several
9	433	5	4	Several
10	253	4	2	Several
11	415	5	3	Several
12	442	5	5	Several
13	545	6	4	Coats
14	233	4	3	Travis
15	165	3	2	Michael
16	193	4	3	Several
17	408	5	4	Several
18	383	5	3	Stillman
	5960	80	57	

The picked scores of the four men in the semi-finals figure out—Travis, 66; W. B. Smith, 66; Douglas, 69; and Macdonald, 71.

W. G. van T. Sutphen.

THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.

Quebec, September.

Where the Right Hon. Baron Herschell of England sits, there is the head of the tables round which gather the members of the Joint High Commission of Great Britain and the United States, certain errant uncertainties of whose doings journey daily into the United States over the wires of a couple of telegraph companies. The Commission, then, has organized; but though that formality was disposed of as far back as August 23, it cannot be said with assurance, even after so many days, to have accomplished very much more. The protocol contains eleven or twelve items of international difference, and to these have since been added a subject that may prove the least susceptible of jointure. A little summer sojourn at the delightful Château Frontenac is a dissipated dream. Diplomacy, if it wins, shall have had to fortify itself against the rigor of those breezes which scamper down from Labrador to thrill the marrows, and are no respecters of statesmen or their protocols.

After the felicitous exchange of official compliments which took place at the opening, and in which the resonant London press happily found renewed assurance of our distinguished consideration, the Joint High Commission moved into the little Legislative Council Chamber in Parliament Building, locked the door behind it, and proceeded to debate when it would be ready to deliberate. It was soon apparent that all were not quite ready, and accordingly the several commissioners went their several ways, to meet again a little past the middle of September.

It would be fully unfair to say that the Commission accomplished nothing prior to its long adjournment, for there was undoubtedly an exchange of opinion upon nearly all the subjects that are to be discussed, and when the members separated each side had some idea of what the other side would give and would demand. These subjects are, briefly—pelagic fur-sealing in Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean; provisions in respect to the fisheries in Eastern waters contiguous to both countries, and also fisheries on the Pacific coasts; provisions for the delimitation and establishment of the Alaska-Canadian boundary by legal and scientific experts; provisions for the transit of merchandise in transportation to or from either country across intermediate territory, whether by land or water, including natural and artificial waterways and intermediate transit by sea; provisions relating to the transit of merchandise from one country to be delivered at points in the other beyond the frontier; modifications of the alien-labor law applicable to the subjects or citizens of the United States and Canada; the mining rights of the citizens or subjects of each country within the territory of the other; such readjustment and concessions as may be deemed mutually advantageous of customs duties applicable in each country to the products of the soil or industry of the other, upon the basis of reciprocal equivalents; a revision of the agreement of 1817 respecting naval vessels on the Great Lakes; arrangements for the more complete definition and marking of any part of the frontier line by land or water where the same is now so insufficiently defined or marked as to be liable to dispute; provisions for the conveyance for trial or punishment of persons in the lawful custody of the officers of one country through the territory of the other; reciprocity in wrecking and salvage rights.

The principal supplemental question, which may finally be thrown out of court, relates to the rights of United States citizens owning timber tracts in Canada to export their own timber in its raw state. The issue here is directly between the province of Ontario and the State of Michigan, and the question was presented, *ex parte*, by Hon. Don M. Dickinson, of Detroit, who represents the American lumbermen. Upon the exhaustion, or partial exhaustion, of our middle Northwest forests, large tracts of growing timber in Ontario were purchased by lumbermen in Michigan and adjacent States, who proceeded forthwith to draw upon their preserves for the purpose of supplying the mills on the American side with logs. Enterprising persons in Ontario thought they saw an opportunity to force the establishment of saw, pulp, and other mills and furniture manufactories in their own province, and thus deprive the Americans of the monopoly they had for so long possessed. The Ontario Legislature was induced to enact a measure the effect of which was to prohibit the export of logs, thus compelling the American owners of the Ontario timber tracts to build mills in Canada, such as they already operate in the United States, or to let their growing timber continue to grow. The Americans, exasperated, sought to have the act declared unconstitutional, on the ground that it was virtual confiscation, but they have not succeeded thus far, and the question therefore comes before the Joint High Commission to embarrass it. If the American commissioners were to insist upon the prohibition of export being abrogated, Sir Wilfrid Laurier could not concede a point without incurring the deepest displeasure of the government of Ontario, which is of the same political persuasion as the federal government of which he is the head. The question may be regarded as a local issue with which the general government has no concern; but if the opposite view be taken, a single concession by the British commissioners will jeopardize the whole work of the conference. Ontario is ambitious, as indeed is Canada. But in Ontario the feeling is particularly strong that the time is passing when the country may be satisfied to be a producer of raw materials only. Instead of exporting these, Canada wants to convert them on her own soil into the finished products, which may find market at home, in the United States, or elsewhere abroad.

This leads logically to a consideration of what the conference may be doing upon the question of reciprocity of trade. It may be stated positively that the question has been considered, and a draught has been made of what the United States deems would be an equable measure of reciprocity. The venerable Mr. Kasson was the only member of the Joint High Commission who remained at the Château Frontenac during the intermission, and his energies were bent upon this particular subject, with a view to having a schedule ready for the consideration of his American associates upon their return. Special interests throughout both Canada and the United States have sought persistently to influence the Commission for and against certain specifications likely to be inserted in any measure of reciprocity that may be contained in the prospective treaty. If all these volunteer voices were heeded, there would be no need of spending more time in Quebec. There seems to be a popular fear in Canada that the country is to be made a "slaughter market" for American manufacturers. But, from a set of facts now before the Commission, it appears that there is complaint in Canada because the United States sold the Dominion last year large quantities of raw material for manufacturing purposes, and then in the most unneighborly fashion, kept out by her tariff Canada's exportable surplus of agricultural products and manufactures, so that the Dominion was obliged to seek markets in England, where there are no tariffs. Yet Canada has a tariff of her own that is far from liberal. In spite of it, however, she imported from the United States last year goods to the value of $86,587,000, which is $53,760,000 more than the value of goods imported by Canada from Great Britain. On the other hand, Canada sold Great Britain goods to the value of $104,787,000, while her exports to the United States amounted to only $41,122,000. There has recently gone into effect what is known as the British preferential clause of the Canadian tariff, by which British imports are favored by a relaxing of the tariff to the amount of twenty-five per cent. The Canadian tariff averages about thirty-three per cent. Several of the visiting delegations from American boards of trade (notably Boston) have sought to impress upon the American commissioners that, unless a like concession is obtained for the United States, Great Britain will quickly absorb the greater part of the profitable and growing trade which the United States had with Canada last year. But while some Americans hold that, placed on the same basis as Great Britain, the United States may easily keep the Canadian markets against the competition of the mother-country, other Americans hold that there is no real reciprocity while any tariff exists, however low. It is believed that Lord Herschell regards such an extremity as equivalent to retaliation upon the mother-country. It is not impossible that, in the solution which Hon. Mr. Kasson has so diligently sought, the American tariff against Canadian products has been relaxed to just the amount of the British preferential clause of the Canadian tariff.

Sir Louis Davies has informed the Commission that Nova Scotia acquiesces in any proposition that may be made to accord to American fishermen the privilege of occupying the inshore fisheries of that province, which means the obliteration of the troublesome three-mile limit, and of baiting and refitting at Canadian ports. But this carries with it a *quid pro quo*, which shows the thrift of provincial merchants and shippers. Nova Scotia has been selling Puerto Rico fish, lumber, and agricultural products to the value of $1,000,000 a year. If the United States, now the virtual possessor of Puerto Rico, will leave her that market upon the terms at which she now has it, she will accord our fishermen access to her inshore preserves. An easy settlement is anticipated, though a protest from New England fishermen, who have suffered much in Nova Scotia, and now feel themselves entitled to the whole profits of the conquered territory, will have consideration.

If any treaty results from the conference, it will surely contain a provision that pelagic fur-sealing in Bering Sea shall be stopped forthwith, regardless of the time limit fixed by the Paris tribunal. Canadian sealers may have to be compensated for being deprived of their right to slaughter these valuable animals in their own peculiarly nefarious fashion, but Mr. Laurier is prepared to ask his Parliament for an appropriation for that purpose.

The rumor has gone forth, with scores of others, that the Joint High Commission has already agreed upon a settlement of the Alaska-Canadian boundary specifically. The statement is doubtless premature, but it is not so improbable that agreement has been reached upon the general proposition that legal and scientific experts may be employed and other arrangements made for the more complete definition and marking of any part of the frontier-line by land or water "where the same is now so insufficiently defined or marked as to be liable to dispute."

The Commission has considered the alien-labor law and the questions growing out of it, and while virulence had been shown in both countries in dealing with it, it appears now that a spirit of conciliation has succeeded one of retaliation. The Canadian Minister of the Interior, in a laudable effort to colonize remote unoccupied sections of the country, unwittingly attracted to it large numbers of a class of most undesirable immigrants, many of whom would have been turned back at Ellis Island, but here found no bar to admission. What numbers of these passed over into the United States is not certain, but that United States immigration laws were constantly evaded is admitted to be true. The need, therefore, of uniform laws is so plain that the Commission could not fail to recognize it; nor did it overlook whatever justice there may be in the argument that the special legislation of the United States against the admission of the seasonal labor of Canada, which finds a market in the Dakotas during harvesting and in New England during the fishing period, wrought a hardship, not only to a not undesirable kind of alien labor, but also to those United States citizens by whom this seasonal service is really needed.

S. A. Wetmore.

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